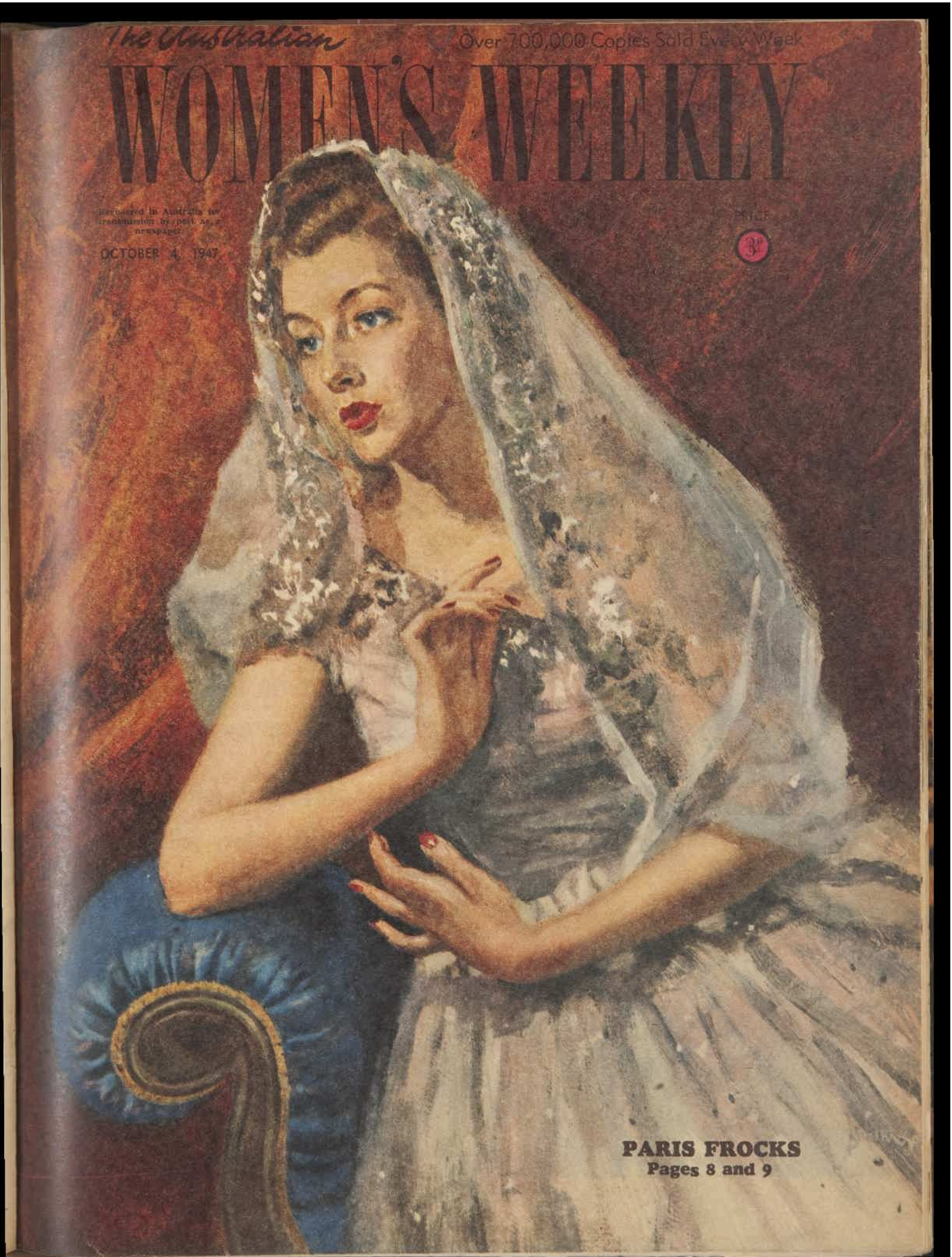
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I Like Morning Glory

Sally was a surprising student, but then she knew the answers to all the professor taught.

By . . .
J. U. PRELL

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NEW SOUTH WALES

As she neared the sixways intersection just before the approach to the bridge Sally Adams sighed deeply and slowed her Disposals Commission job down to seven miles an hour.

This slowing down in order to take stock of the traffic was a habit that persisted in spite of all the efforts of the charming young man from the motor school who had taught her to drive a few weeks before.

It was the peak hour, and, looking, Sally didn't like what she saw. Besides the air was suddenly made hideous by half a dozen horns honking in chorus as her jeep crawled along straddling the black line in the concrete between the kerb and trams.

It was a small square-fronted affair, open to the weather on all sides, with MABEL painted by a somewhat unsteady brush where LEFT-HAND DRIVE should have been.

She had made several attempts to remove this artistry with a view rather to discouraging double whistles from youths at street corners than obliterating the handiwork of some aircraftman, yet the ghost of his old love remained.

Sally wasn't really sorry. She'd been in the W.A.A.A.F. herself, and had created a satisfying mental picture of the young man who'd written it.

Now as the chorus swelled behind she veered over smartly to the left, almost crashing into a long black car, venturesome enough to come up on that side. Its disgruntled driver mouthed bad words fast as he shot ahead to safety. Sally was scared.

That's how accidents happen, she thought, and, deciding to stay where she was, maintained her painful progress. But at the crossways the traffic lights were red, and she came to a grinding halt against the black car again.

The disgruntled young man poked his head out almost into her face.

"Back there you almost hit me!" he yelled. "If you can't give signals, why don't you write it up, Mabel! Dawdling along in the middle of the road!"

"Well," said Sally sweetly, "all that speed and where did it get you? Here we are together again."

"And how!" he said, scowling, adding as the lights changed: "Here, my good woman, we part."

"I hope so," she answered, and at once threw in the clutch with such vim that Mabel started off bouncing like a young horse saddled on a frosty morning. Immediately there followed a shout mingled with a sharp, grating sound. This time there was no "almost." She pulled up in the gutter and waited.

The driver of the black car got out and came over. He was high, wide and handsome, and he was also angry.

"Now see what you've done! Dented my mudguard and scraped off a mile of duco. Why didn't you wait for the lights?"

"I'm ever so sorry. I'm a bad driver . . ." she said, looking helpless. He seemed to tower above her in the half light.

"As a driver," he interrupted, "you're the best illustration I know of the old saying, 'A woman's place is in the home'—in the home, see?"

"What an antiquated notion, why . . ."

"Here, aren't I the injured party?" he asked. "Well, I do the talking. In their proper setting women are fine, but cluttering up the roads and careers they make me furious. They should be——"

"In the kitchen with the pots and pans," finished Sally meekly.

"Don't forestall me." He paused, looking at her intently, then seemed to change his mind. "Off you go now while you're lucky," he finished.

"No police, no damages?"

"No, just a condition. Give me one full minute, sixty long seconds, to get away, and if you catch up on me after that, well, it's my own look-out."

"Thank you," said Sally. "Goodbye."

The glow of his tail light diminished into nothingness. She waited. It was all very well driving Mabel round on delivery in the quiet streets near Briarwood Nursery, but in the city, no. Yet this was the only mode of transport that got her to lectures on time.

She started up the engine and took the road to rehabilitation, to lectures, to school. It was something for nothing, if you discounted her four years' service.

She'd come home to find the flourishing business her father had built up badly run to seed. It had been the victim of manpower call-ups until, after his death, only Old Bob and Young Bob remained. At least they kept it alive where so many places just sold their entire stock to Wildings, and quietly expired.

For the past twelve months Sally had toiled from the grey light of dawn until dark helping Old Bob and Young Bob repair the disused seed frames, and restore the bush and hot houses. Her plants were on the market again. The public would see and remember the old briar-rose label, and that was all important.

As things became organised, Sally's ambition grew. Next year she planned to buy the adjoining five acres, to open up a landscape design department, to run a stall in the markets, and later, if things went well, to open up a shop in the city. The government courses were heaven-sent.

BRAVELY she took her eyes from the road to glance at the time. It wouldn't do to be late, as she was already a defaulter, having missed the first two horticulture lectures entirely. They were less important than landscape design, surveying and levelling, and botany because horticulture was her own familiar subject. Besides, Friday, with its week-end orders, was a bad day to get away.

She parked Mabel well out of sight of the technical college, and found a vacant seat in front of the class-room. The students were mostly those who attended for the other subjects, and once more there was no other female.

The hum of conversation ceased as the lecturer came in, and they all replied to his pleasant "Good evening!" All except Sally Adams, who could only stare at the man who took his place by the table on which the specimens for discussion were already arranged. He produced a class-roll.

"Abbott? Adams?"

At her affirmative, without looking up, he said, "Oh! It's Miss Adams," and went on evenly. "You've missed the first two lectures, I see. As we cover a good deal of ground each evening, attendance is important." Here he looked round inquiringly for the person he was addressing.

"Yes," said Sally meekly.

The professor's smile vanished. He started and stared. He became the driver of a 1947 vintage car with a scarred mudguard. So the woman had caught up on him. His efforts at refraining from speech were painfully visible. Abruptly he finished the roll.

I bet I'll never be teacher's pet! thought Sally as the lecture began.

"Successful horticulture," he said, "is a combination of sound knowledge and commonsense. There's no such thing as the green thumb that Russian peasants are said to possess. But there is an intuition that guides in the handling of a new species. If it isn't inborn, the grower who loves his work will usually find himself in possession of it after a time. And there are trade secrets, invaluable if you can learn them."

He looked round the faces of the students, lads in their late teens mostly, refraining, it seemed, from a glance in Sally's direction.

"Make yourselves familiar with every plant that grows. Remember, somewhere there is an ideal setting for every growing thing. Let nothing be too humble to escape notice."

Except me, thought Sally, watching him covertly. He's got an awful temper but a nice cleft chin. My ideal spot, no doubt, is in the home.

"Our plant group for discussion to-night is the cotoneaster. We will consider name derivation, habitat, seasonal changes, and means of propagation." He thus considered for two and three-quarter hours, of which three-quarters of an hour was good measure, before letting them go, but no one seemed to mind.

It was when a few enthusiasts said, "Good-night, Professor Wilding," that Sally jumped. Then her brain cleared. So this, of all people, was Roger Wilding, whose remote forebears had founded the nursery that was now the largest in the Southern Hemisphere.

Please turn to page 4



"Here, that's not the way, and in any case this is a man's job," Roger Wilding said, holding out his hand for the knife.

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I Like Morning Glory

Continued from page 3

SALLY knew all about him now. Seven years abroad studying every branch of the game in every country. She'd heard from Whitey, who managed Wilding and Co., about his service in the R.N. and the gold braid he'd collected, of the work he was now doing at an Australian university. Well, let him talk, she'd listen. Briarwood was worth being ignored for, even if she only learned one new thing each night.

Driving home, Sally planned her work for the next morning, but her mind went no further than gathering the stephanotis from the lovely old vine on the far bush-house for the florist's, because remembered scraps of information about Roger Wilding kept intruding.

Vaguely she recalled him visiting her father before he'd gone abroad. As she drove she frowned in an effort to remember.

She bedded Mabel down, and entered the white-and-green cottage in the nursery grounds by the back door. After putting on the coffee she went into the living-room. Wilding, Wilding — of course! The text-books. She sat on the floor in front of the old cedar bookcase selecting a volume here and there. Four, five.

He's quite a know-all, she thought, opening an enormous tome misleadingly entitled "Handbook of Corineferea." It would fill the hand of a giant. The coffee hissed a protest to the kitchen stove as it boiled over. Sally rescued the remainder and returned to her reading.

On the fly leaf of "Fertilisers, Chemicals, and Composts" was the quotation, "I have experienced that black water, taken from a dunghill, will make a CABBAGE or any of that race prosper extremely" (Bradley, 1718), and later, a chapter started under the quotation, "Bees burnt to ashes and a lye made with the ashes trimly decks a bald head, being washed with it" (M. Culpepper, 1653).

> *"Fools never perceive where they are ill-timed or ill-placed."*
>
> —Lord Chesterfield

Sally laughed at the "unconfirmed" in brackets. Wilding had no need as yet to sacrifice any bees on a funeral pyre to his beauty. His head was trimly decked with dark rebellious hair. The books were obviously much used, showing her father"s constant reference to them.

The next week went by in a whirl of work. By dint of rising at 5 a.m. on Monday and tinning up one hundred flowering shrubs before sundown, Sally made landscape design lectures on time. On Wednesday she was late for botany, on Thursday she joined the surveying and levelling class in time to take notes, but on Friday she was regrettably absent from horticulture.

The following Friday she slipped into the class just ahead of the professor. The only vacant seat was in the front row again. Sally took it, noticing that to-night's specimens all bore the Wilding and Co. tag.

"Abbott? Miss Adams?"

"Yes."

He looked up.

"We're honored," he said before continuing down the list. "Most of you will recognise to-night's group, a member of the cone bearers or conifers. It is the cupressus, which means equal growth, and these are the trees most commonly seen in suburban lawns. Because of their habitat their familiar name is Cypress, with a qualifying adjective. Here is the Cupressus lambertiana horizontalis aurea or Golden Cypress. We will take it first."

When the lengthy discussion was over, the professor called for comments and his enthusiastic audience noted characteristics. The perfect horizontal growth of the limbs and their glowing golden color on top with an underside of green, and how effective it would be against a dark background.

For the second time that evening the professor looked directly at Sally, a look which said, "As you're here you may as well take part in the proceedings."

"Now," he said, "we'll hear from Miss Adams."

Sally rose. "I agree with the other comments," she said.

"Come now; can't you contribute anything further?"

"Only that that particular specimen would never develop into a good tree. It's a very bad shape. In its early days in the nursery it was obviously planted too close to its neighbors."

Roger Wilding looked startled.

"That's right," he said at length. "You will notice that there is no branch development here, so it will always have a one-sided appearance. So, incidentally," he went on, neatly dismissing Sally and focusing attention on the class again, "if ever you are compelled to plant a poor specimen, always place it so that the good side will be seen."

The cupressus list is a long one and as familiar to Sally Adams as the back of her hand. She was tired and the room was warm, so by the time they had discussed the various lawsonianas and lambertianas she was happily asleep. The final specimen was held aloft.

"Here is the most popular conifer on the market at present. It is?" He looked round inquiringly and saw the sleeping student.

"Miss Adams!" he shouted.

"Eh! Oh!" Sally sat up blinking.

"What's this?"

She blinked at the specimen briefly. "A pencil pine," she said quickly.

"And yet you can afford to go off to sleep! If you must study horticulture, pay it respect as a science. Its scientific terms are used not to confuse but to avoid confusion. This —er—pencil pine is a Cupressus sempervirens stricta."

"I see," said Sally, who had that afternoon typed "Cupressus sempervirens stricta" on fifty pale pink labels with "Briarwood Nursery" on the back. Tagging round at her father's heels since the age of two she had picked up the botanical names of flowers, trees, and shrubs as naturally as a French infant speaks French. Familiar names learnt later thus brought with them a freshness that was more impressive.

But the professor was launched on a pet subject.

"Take the Australian native, callistemon," he went on. "It's blossom resembles a bottle-cleaner, so it's called Bottle Brush. Very well, but the bloom of the meterisideros resembles a bottle brush. It's called New Zealand Christmas Bush! There are dozens of such examples." He turned to Sally. "You see why we cannot tolerate it?"

"Oh, yes." She went down fighting. "But there's an aptness and charm about familiar names, I think, that the—er—scientific terms lack. Like forget-me-not, morning glory, love-in-the-mist — and Stinking Roger!"

The laughter that followed from the students was prompted by the common name of a pungent weed being introduced after sentimental flower titles, not because it was the christian name of their lecturer. Probably they didn't even know it, and Sally realised it only when she saw his brick-red face.

"Thank you," he said briefly.

Driving home that night Sally mentally crossed horticulture off her lecture list. He didn't like career girls. She'd disfigured his car, insulted him by falling asleep and wounded his vanity in front of the class. I'm the viper in his vest, she thought. Anyway, all I learnt to-night is that he hates me like poison. Yet in his way he's nice.

Next morning Whitey, of Wilding and Co., rang. "Hallo, Sally, how's business?"

"Very good, where you monopolists aren't yet waving your ugly plant tags, thank you."

Please turn to page 10

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And Then He Went Away

News, more baffling than the worst silence, comes tauntingly to Margrit.

By THELMA STRABEL

SINCE the ending of the war, life for MARGRIT KROLLER, American-born Swiss girl, has become a torturing anxiety as to the fate of "Mac," crashed airman, whom she helped to evade internment. She has had no further word from him since he left, though he had planned eagerly to return and marry her at the end of the war.

Chance meeting with SERGEANT BILL ANTHONY, of the Occupation Forces, develops into a friendship, and Bill offers to help Margrit try to trace "Mac."

That night Margrit, her mother, and CONRAD KROLLER, her stepfather, return home from a restaurant dinner to find that the desk in Kroller's study has been ransacked and the telephone wires are cut.

While Kroller goes to their neighbor's house to telephone, Margrit is searching outside for signs of an intruder when Bill hails her from the darkness. He tells her he has made inquiries about "Mac" at the American Consulate, but before he can say anything further Conrad Kroller interrupts them.

Now read on:—

CONRAD KROLLER had evidently recognised Bill, for as he came up to the young people he asked Margrit truculently, without any greeting, "Was macht er hier—der soldat?"

She answered him in English, airily covering up his unexpected rudeness. "Sergeant Anthony blew up with the blizzard, Father. He came to say good-bye before he goes to Lucerne."

"Good evening, sir," Bill said politely.

"Good evening." Herr Kroller was breathing heavily. He began stamping the snow from his feet as he stepped up on the porch. "The doctor was not there, but his housekeeper was. The police are coming," he said.

Two policemen arrived with surprising swiftness, considering the night. They had the neat, polite briskness of Swiss officialdom. They examined the pantry window and one of them made notes in a little book.

"The burglar was looking for money," he stated flatly. "There have been several robberies in this section recently. Professor Doktor Meyer had a thousand francs stolen." There were too many people in this country illegally, he complained. Refugees who had slipped over the borders, had been hidden by misguided people and still wandered about unregistered. "We are doing everything to round up such fellows, I assure you, Herr Kroller." In his bow, his deference, he accorded the "Herr Banker" his stature, his solid and exalted position.

"We should all have something for our nerves," Eleanor Kroller declared when the police had gone. She went into the dining-room and returned with glasses and a small bottle.

Now seated in the library, they talked the way people do at such times, about other robberies they had known of, as they sat drinking the warming liqueur, distilled from grapes that grew in the high Alps. Her stepfather, Margrit noticed, talked very little at first, sitting sunk in his leather chair with his eyes half-closed, as though considering some problem apart from them.

Then he roused himself, rather abruptly, to become surprisingly voluble.

"It is my opinion that the man who broke in here was a jewel thief," he declared with conviction. "My wife has some very fine pieces of jewellery that came from my family, Sergeant, and they are perhaps well known. They are kept in the house for convenience, in a wall safe."

He rose from his chair and walked over and moved the Italian screen, revealing the small safe above a section of bookshelves.

His fingers worked the lock combination swiftly, and when the door swung open he extracted a green leather jewel case and set it down on the desk. He lifted the old-fashioned catch and turned back the lid. The garnet necklace and matching bracelet, the two heavy-looking emerald rings shimmered in their velvet compartments under the green-shaded desk lamp.

"They are not fabulous, but still worth stealing, you see," he said.

Margrit was aware of how indifferently her mother, quietly sipping her liqueur, glanced over at the jewellery. She seldom wore any of it, preferring simpler pieces.

"They're very beautiful," Bill said. He picked up one of the rings, examining the intricate setting.

"That was my grandmother's. She was fond of big rings. The women of my family have always had very lovely, soft hands. I think well-kept hands are one of the most desirable feminine attributes."

Bill put down the ring. "They probably didn't scrub floors."

"Scarcely." The banker smiled genially. He closed the box and returned it to the safe.

"It's curious to see the things people keep in deposit boxes," he observed musingly. "I was struck by that when we opened the boxes of our Reich clients for the Allied commission searching for the enemy assets in Switzerland. I was struck," he repeated, "by the fact that so much of the contents had only sentimental value. Such as these few things I keep here."

He took the handful of papers in the safe and tossed them down carelessly on the desk.

"My certificate of baptism, certificate from the Alpenverein, my diploma from the University of Neuchatel, and my reserve officer's commission. Oh, yes, and these rifle-shooting awards. I may claim in all modesty, Sergeant, that I am one of the—shall I say—most deadly shots in Switzerland." He fingered the worn, faded-looking, folded documents.

"Nothing of real value, as you can see." He scooped them up and returned them to the safe. "As a matter of fact, apart from our silver, there is nothing in the whole house worth locking up, as any thief would find. I don't keep important papers or large amounts of money here. That would be foolish."

The doorbell rang just then and Margrit went to answer it. Dr. Ruegg was at the door. He had just come home and heard from Gertrud about the housebreaker, he explained, and he had come to see if there was any further news. He couldn't stay, however; he was expecting an important call.

"Oh, do come in and have a liqueur with us, Doctor," Eleanor Kroller said, coming down the hall with her young, half-running step.

"Thank you, Frau Kroller." He had stepped inside, holding his shabby felt hat at his side. He was a small, unimpressive man with a high-beaked nose, humorous grey eyes, and sandy hair. His plain, intelligent, artistic face and careless clothes might have belonged to a second violinist in a little orchestra. Actually, he was a highly competent nerve specialist.

Please turn to page 27



"Nein, nein! I know no American!" the painter protested, backing away from Bill in alarm.

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Portrait of the Widow

It was a strange, provocative case — tried out of court by a ruthless jury of Elise's peers.



Elise was taking part in a fancy hunting party staged by wealthy friends.

By NELIA G. WHITE

THERE was never any question but that it was suicide. Robert Terrance had left a letter, a somewhat pitiful letter, explaining that he was no longer able to support his wife as he wished her to be supported, as she was accustomed to being supported.

He'd overexpanded his plant during the war and had been held up for materials, and had lost a lot of money. He knew there were others who would be glad to take over his responsibilities, and he felt it only fair to his wife, who was more dear to him than anything else in the world, to take himself out of her life.

Investigating the matter, the police sergeant said to the constable with him:

"No question that it was suicide. He was all alone in the house except for the maid. Mrs. Terrance was away in the country, taking part in some sort of a fancy hunting party staged by some of her rich friends. The maid heard the shot, and found him with a hole through his head. She telephoned us immediately . . .

"Between you and me, though, I'd call it murder, in spite of that note. He was a fine man, Terrance. But that wife of his! Oh, well, it's nothing to us. Just makes me wild thinking what a gold-digging little blonde can do to a man like Terrance!"

And that was as far as the police went with the case of Robert Terrance. But when the sergeant called it murder, he was only stating the position taken by a good many people. And the case was tried out of court, actually by a jury of Elise Terrance's peers . . .

The day after the funeral four women were sitting around a bridge table in the home of the James Learnings. This was the house next to the Terrances', though there was quite a stretch of ground between the two houses.

It wasn't a party—just a foursome that met fairly often without fuss.

They had been playing for some time, when suddenly Jane Learning put her hand down on the table.

"I can't play, girls," she exclaimed. "I simply can't. I keep thinking of Bob the last time I saw him. I ought to have found something to say to him—and there wasn't anything to say. He'd made up his mind then—I know he had . . . Jim's taking it terribly hard. Bob was such a wonderful person and the best friend Jim had.

"But when he came in on Thursday night I knew that he was in a bad way. He walked over with the dog. I said to him, the way you do, 'I hear Elise has gone gallivanting again.' And he said, 'Yes, she's gone,' and something about the way he said it sounded as if she were gone for good. He stayed quite a while, sitting there in that chair by the fire, and we had coffee. He acted as if he were too tired to get up."

"I know. I've felt terrible not going over to see Elise," Polly Worthington said. "I did phone, but someone said she was resting. I suppose she's always been one of the crowd; but now Bob's gone, it seems as if Bob was the one we all counted on. I don't think she's ever liked us."

"Don't be so charitable, Polly!" Thelma Weare snapped. "Elise loathes us, as you very well know. She goes in for bigger game, and I must say she brings it down, too."

"I did go over," Margaret Owens said quietly. "And I saw her."

"Oh, Margaret! You're so Christian!" Thelma said.

"No, I wasn't being Christian," Margaret said slowly. "It was just—well, she's always played around with us, more or less. I suppose I was just being conventionally sympathetic."

"And did she weep on you?"

"No, she didn't weep on me," Margaret admitted. "I don't think she goes in for weeping, do you? I said I was awfully sorry, and was there anything I could do? And she said, no, thanks, everything was attended to. And then she began to ask about my Dilly's school. For some reason she's always been interested in my difficult little ugly duckling, and I'd told her I was trying this new school. She asked all sorts of questions about it. It was—queer."

"Portrait of the Widow," Jane Learning scoffed. "That's Elise to the life."

"It was queerer than that," Margaret said thoughtfully. "If she'd been just aloof, or uppish—but it was more than that. I couldn't get any grip on the conversation . . . She had on that green suit with the leopard pockets. I must say she didn't look like a widow."

"She never will, darling," Thelma said scornfully. "And she won't be one long. Sam Kittridge will comfort her . . . It's a pretty silly statement—but I don't see what men see in her. She's beautiful, yes, but she hasn't a spark of warmth in her. I—I can see how living with her would make a man do just what Bob did." Thelma's thin lips tightened. "I haven't been to see her, and I don't feel bad about not going, either."

Margaret took a cigarette from her tortoiseshell case, but she did not light it. She sat looking at it. She was just such an enamelled, fashion-plate woman as the others, and yet for the moment she had a troubled look in her shrewd blue eyes that made her seem more honest, more real than they.

"But I felt bad because I did go," she said at last. "That's what made it all so queer. I don't know how she did it, but she made me ashamed of having gone there. She should have been the one to be ashamed, but she wasn't. She just sat there and asked me questions about Dilly and her school for half an hour."

"No, she wouldn't be ashamed," Thelma said in her brittle voice. "Not Elise. All the same, I'm glad I don't have to live with her conscience. Why, look at the way she's been spending money this year! Look at her new fur coat, and those diamond earrings! You'd have thought they'd just come into money instead of being on the rocks. And all the time, Bob was working day and night to give her all these things."

"I remember when she got her coat," Margaret said a little stubbornly. "She was very casual about it, as if fur coats were nothing to her. She said she didn't need it, but Bob insisted on her having it."

"He probably did," Jane said. "He would. He was mad about her. That's what makes it so awful—that he was mad about her, though she hardly saw him."

Jim Learning and Bill Weare were coming home on the suburban train together. They sat in the smoker and read their newspapers, not saying much to each other. They both looked tired and depressed. Finally Jim put his paper down and said, "Count me out of the poker game to-night, Bill. Don't think I can stand it."

"I think the poker game's done for. I'm sure I couldn't stand it. I keep seeing Bob tossing those notes down, grinning the way he always did. Why the devil didn't he tackle some of us if he was hard up? I'm scraping the bottom of the barrel, but I'd have done what I could. We all would."

Jim said uneasily, "He did tackle me, but he asked for quite a lot, and I hedged. I couldn't just put my hand in my pocket and say, 'Here it is.' So I talked it over with Jane, and—— Well, I've got three children, Bill. It didn't seem fair to them, when Bob and Elise were living way beyond our scale . . . Anyway, I was still hedging when Bob walked out. It doesn't make me feel any too good."

"Seen Elise?" Bill said, to change an embarrassing subject.

"Just for a moment, at the funeral. She's taking it well, I'd say."

Bill grinned shamefacedly. "The girls have got their hooks in her, Thelma tells me. Seem to blame her—but I don't know. Bob wanted her to have everything. She probably had no idea how things were."

Jim shook his head. "I'm afraid she did. Jane said they'd talked about it."

They got off the train and into Jim's car, which he drove to the station every other morning.

"I've tried to get Thelma to go over, but she says 'No!'" Bill gave a short laugh of the man-to-man kind. "Thelma's never let up on the fact that I went off the deep end over Elise myself, five years or so ago. The funny thing is she's always blamed Elise, but the simple truth is that Elise never knew I existed. It was all on my side. Seems a little low-down not to rally round now. I'd go alone, but I must say I don't hanker to stir up Thelma."

"I know," Jim said briefly. "But I don't think we need to worry about Elise. She'll take care of Elise all right. She always has."

In the kitchen of Mrs. Robert Terrance, the maid, Nellie, sat on a high stool by the porcelain-topped table, watching Flora, the cook, putting the top crust expertly on a meat pie.

"Honest, Flora, I'm not staying here," Nellie said. "I just can't stand it, it's so still. It was so different, with Mr. Terrance always joking and all."

"Well, if you know when you're well off," Flora said sharply. "You've got your keep here, and a comfortable, warm room, and your pay on the dot. You draw a good wage for flipping a duster here and there, and making a bed or two. I'll get along without Mr. Terrance's jokes and hang on to a good job!"

"You wasn't here. You don't know how awful it was, finding him like that," Nellie whimpered.

"Well, I've heard often enough, I ought to know by now. I daresay it wasn't very pleasant, but then, I suppose it isn't very pleasant for her, either."

"She just broke his heart, playing around, she did!"

"Couldn't have been much stuff in him then. I never yet saw a man worth his salt that'd let a woman break his heart. One thing, she knows how a house ought to be run, and that's more than you can say of these get-rich-quick women. And I say it's none of our business what her private life is. I don't want her to snoop into mine, and I don't want to snoop into hers."

"You haven't got any heart," Nellie said mournfully.

In the great living-room a fire was burning brightly, and before it sat Elise Terrance. She was tall and slender, with fair hair brushed smoothly back into a great knot low in the neck. Her face was a worldly face, yet possessed of that mystery of stillness which draws people like a magnet.

She had a writing-pad across her lap, and beside her on the sofa was a pile of notes of condolence. She was addressing envelopes that contained conventional cards of thanks.

Presently she picked up a small note that wasn't opened. It was on child's notepaper, with a tiny row of ducks in blue across the back of the envelope. She opened it with an enamelled opener that lay beside her on the sofa.

"Dear Elise," she read, "if you are lonesum, I could come over and play with you every Saturday afternoon. Your loving friend, Dilly."

For an instant the stillness vanished from the grey-blue eyes. There were no tears, but there was a sudden deep and terrible sadness. She put the little smudged letter on the other side of her from the pile of letters.

After dinner Elise went up to her room. It was a beautiful room, with all the appurtenances of luxury. Here, too, there was a fire burning. The covers were turned back, and a light glowed between the beds. Elise did not go to bed. She sat by the fire, a book in her hands, but she did not read.

At length the telephone rang, and she reached for it slowly.

"It's Sam here," a voice said. "Are you all right?"

"Yes, quite all right."

"I'm coming up."

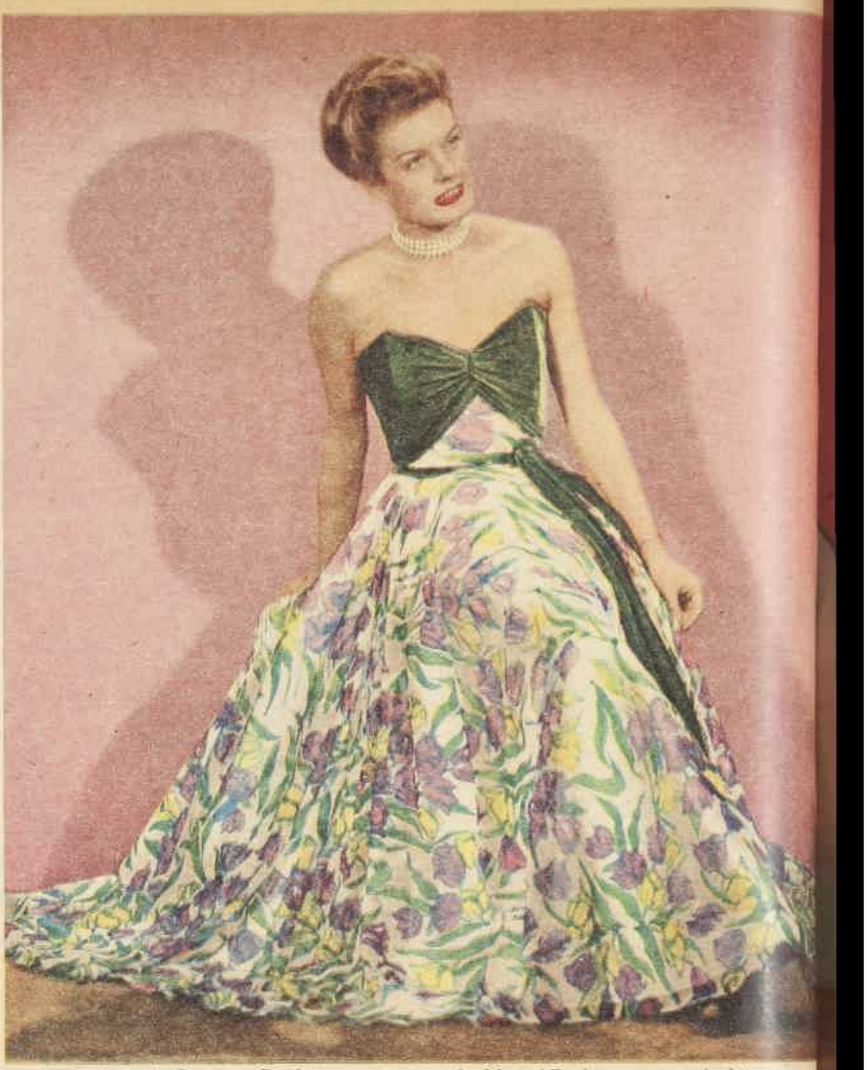
Please turn to page 32

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Reproductions

French models copied here



● Suzanne Combe wears a copy of a Marcel Rochas green-and-white evening gown, trimmed with lilac velvet flowers. The copy is made of a nylon material with a pattern of lilac and primrose tulips.



● Sky-blue crepe and crystal beads have been used to make this copy of a Jean Desses model, featuring the new harem skirt. The copy is worn by Janine Lequievre.



● Rich floral taffeta in magenta, purple, and green tonings has been allied with white frills and black velvet bows to make this charming evening gown. The original from which it was copied by the Myer Emporium was designed by Germaine Lecomte. It is worn by Lydia Leplat.

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● Schiaparelli designed the original of the cleverly cut pine-green woollen frock above, worn by Maggy Sarragne.



● Above right: An Agnes Drecoll model in sea-blue was copied in beige-colored crepe with pin tucks across the bodice. It is worn by Suzanne Combe.

★ **Frocks shown on these pages are copies of models designed by leading members of the Parisian haute couture and brought here for The Australian Women's Weekly French Fashion Parades.**

The copies were made by Myers and are on sale at their store in Melbourne.

When the frocks for the parades were chosen in Paris by our fashion adviser, Mrs. Mary Hordern, she made a point of selecting styles that would look well in other fabrics and colors.

Parisian chic depends on line more than anything else, and, as the copies have been cut from the original patterns, that line has been preserved faithfully.



● Lydia Leplat wears a black crepe copy of a Lucien Lelong model. The frock is given a lavish draped effect by a huge moire bow and has an enormous pale pink rose as trimming.

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I Like Morning Glory

Continued from page 4

WHITEY laughed. "Now, don't be hard. There's room for everyone. How many daphne are you sending us this year? Two hundred?"

"Sorry, Whitey. This season I only raised forty, and I've retailed most of them. It's that virus. I haven't caught up on the losses to our stock plants. Can't get enough cuttings."

"Too bad," he considered at length. "Tell you what, Sally. Come over and trim our big 'uns. Get all the wood you want."

"Why, Bill White! This is the first time you've ever offered me seed or bud or slip!"

"It's different. We'll be buying 'em back next year in four-inch pots. You just come when you're ready." His voice was eager. "G-bye."

"Whitey? Roger Wilding, is he with you now?"

"He holds the controlling interest, but takes no active part here. Why?"

"I wondered. Good-bye."

She cradled the receiver slowly. "Briarwood" was famous for its success with the difficult daphne.

"Come when you're ready," he'd said. So-o! That was it. Give away to Wilding's the secret of the date they took their cuttings. Big-hearted Whitey.

Oh, no, Bill, she said to herself. You'll go on buying from me until I can retail all I grow. Go earn fat dividends for your boss some other way. Maybe I will go and listen to him lecture after all.

But she missed three Friday night lectures out of the next five. Then at the close of the sixth, as the class was dismissing, Wilding said evenly: "Miss Adams, will you wait behind, please?"

> *"Of all affliction taught a lover yet,*
> *'Tis sure the hardest science to forget!"*
> —Pope

The youngest lad went out whistling "An Apple for the Teacher," and Sally sat still, wondering. Did he know who she was? Could she be expelled for faulty attendance? He crossed over and stood looking down at her.

"Why do you come here at all?" he asked.

This was easier. She had not expected reasoning. "I'm being rehabilitated," she said smugly, but he ignored the evasion.

"I suppose this course is a little diversion. Just a different form of what is commonly called marking time between growing up and marching to the altar." So he didn't know.

"My most recent contact with the species homo," she said coldly, "only serves to enhance the charms of spinsterhood."

He bowed. "Still," he said, "you're attractive. There must be men in your life."

"Isn't this all a little outside the curriculum?"

"Oh, no!" He grinned. "I have a free hand. Why do you appear occasionally? You hardly ever take a note, you only join discussions under protest, then you startle me with unexpected answers."

"Perhaps for that reason, to ruffle your smug complacency."

"I am not complacent. Where did you learn that trick of scouring the bottom of hyacinths to make them produce a full circle of corms, and that honey fed to thuya cuttings promotes strongest root growth? Trade secrets!"

His brow furrowed. Then suddenly he bent down and took her hands. He held them palm upwards, bending low and scrutinising carefully. He took a long time.

"My fortune?" she asked at length.

"It comes from Mother Earth," he said, releasing her. "So that was how you faulted the cupressus! In its early days, obviously too close to its neighbors," he mocked. "Where?"

"Not at Wilding's, anyway. Nowhere you've heard of, Professor!"

"Don't call me Professor. Time enough when I've a bald head!"

"Bees burnt to ashes," reminded Sally demurely.

He looked down quickly, seeming self-conscious. "Well, why the pose, anyway?"

"You don't like women, you ignore me or shout. After all, I'm human and . . ."

He was laughing, hearty peals of masculine laughter that echoed in the empty room.

"Well, if you come to pick my brains, what have you learnt tonight?"

It was Sally's turn to mimic.

"'The quandong is a native of Australia. Habitat — dry inland areas. The seed will not germinate unless it has passed through an emu.' Think of the disappointment that's saved me. If ever I have a hankering for a quandong I'll start off in the manner of Mrs. Beaton and jugged hare. 'First catch your emu.'" She rose. "Good-night, Professor."

"Good-night, Miss Adams. Next Friday then. Be sure you come!"

At the door she turned and asked unsmiling, "Can I drop you anywhere?"

Next day, Sally took two phone calls that were extremely interesting. The first was from Whitey—it had to do with cyclamen seed of which she had plenty and his price was good, but it was the latter part of his call that caught her attention.

"Remember asking after Wilding? Well, Sally, I'm worried about that chap. Something's hit him hard. He's acting queer."

"How?" Her voice was just above a whisper.

"Lent me his car last night after we drove to town. I finished early and went round to some place he lectures on the off-chance he'd be through. And there he was! Had been waiting ten minutes on the street corner for a tram!"

"Well, for heaven's sake, what's wrong with that!"

"Nothing, Sally, nothing—only in that street there weren't any tramlines."

When she recognised the voice of the second caller Sally's heart gave a jerk. She pitched her voice three tones higher and kept her answers short. It was Roger Wilding, and he was asking a favor. Would the manager consent to his bringing a class of students from the Technical College on a tour of inspection of Briarwood?

He explained that the bigger places were being bypassed, because he wanted the lads to see what had been accomplished by a man who had started from scratch, as most of them would do. He talked at length about the impression Briarwood had left on his first visit when Mr. Adams was there.

Sally thought swiftly. She could go away. Old Bob could do the honors, so she readily agreed. "Thank you, Mrs. . . .?"

"Gurgle—mumble—huh," she said quickly, "till Saturday at 2.30 then. Good-bye."

Next Friday night Roger Wilding talked at length about the coming expedition. He told the story of Richard Adams, who, at thirty-six, had given up accountancy to become a grower of plants.

He started by sowing a few sixpenny packets of cabbages in his spare time. The plants netted enough for the purchase of seed of every kind for the next season. Also he grew that year as a seed-crop half an acre of cauliflower, which when harvested returned £200. Here was the capital necessary for the buildings.

From there he went on to other successes, adding new hot-houses and importing new stock until his nursery became the model it was to-day.

He pointed out to the class that such procedure was possible for them. They could begin as soon as they acquired the necessary knowledge. Then, to the only girl student, he said, lifting a mobile eyebrow, "This expedition, like the demonstration of pruning which you so high-handedly ignored, is compulsory."

Please turn to page 27

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DO NOT DISTURB



"Every wolf in the pack has bayed those words to the moon," Jim said.

By NANCY MOORE

KITTY SINCLAIR banged open the door of the small attic room and slammed it shut behind her. She said something unbecoming to a lady, viciously kicked over a stack of old magazines, and made a face at a moth-eaten dressmaker's form with the figure of an old-fashioned pin-up girl.

"I hate him!" Kitty informed the headless woman. "Do you understand? I hate Jim Townsend!"

And Kitty Sinclair lied in her teeth.

Like a skittish puppy scratching for a bone, she pawed among the debris on the floor till she found a battered DO NOT DISTURB sign (filched from some hotel), which she hung on the outside of the door.

Now she was alone, safe from interruptions, and would stay that way until she was ready to face the world again.

Safe in the Sinclair "Mad Room," which, in spite of its title and undignified appearance, had a distinguished reputation for soothing the savage breast.

Its name didn't mean that the room itself was crazy (or that its changing occupants were. It meant exactly what it said—that it was a place for going to when you were mad—utterly furiously mad with anger (which was the only way Sinclairs ever got angry).

You fled to its sanctuary for two reasons: To hide yourself away from the world so you wouldn't do irreparable damage to someone, and to get over what ailed you.

Kitty's paternal grandmother had begun the Mad Room tradition. It seems that on her wedding night (after a whirlwind elopement) she had been painfully wounded and properly angered by Grandfather Sinclair's saying, "Don't think I'm not aware of how you caught me, Amelia. I wasn't at any time fooled by your underhanded tactics."

Amelia went rigid with outraged dignity. "No gentleman," she gasped when she was able to speak, "would make such an unjust, insulting accusation—especially to his bride."

With that Amelia rushed away and locked herself up in a room on the third floor where other scorned and unwanted objects of all sorts were huddled away.

Eventually, of course, she came out (about two hours later), but not until she had got over her anger. Not until she admitted to herself that her new husband was right, and what difference did it make anyhow since she'd caught him?

That was the first rendezvous anyone kept with the Mad Room. But far from the last. Afterwards Grandfather told the story in such a way that other Sinclairs wanted to find out if that room could help them untangle their troubles the way it helped Amelia.

For as Grandfather interpreted the tale, "If Amelia hadn't locked herself up in that third-floor room and counted ten a couple of hundred times, we'd probably have quarrelled so badly a perfectly good marriage would have been wrecked for life."

So through the years Sinclairs retreated two flights up to straighten out their lives. Their reason for retirement could be large or small, world-shaking or ridiculous, but their privacy was always respected.

No one interrupted them while they were wrestling with their souls or their hearts or hurt feelings, or whatever was devilling them at the time. And there was only one rule about the place which had to be obeyed.

This was a custom started by that same outspoken Grandfather. He placed in the room a large blank-paged book. Whoever took refuge there was expected to write down (1) why he came, and (2) how he solved his problem.

"Only common decency," explained Grandfather. "Misery loves company to begin with, and to end with this book'll be a kind of helping hand held out to my badgered kinfolks that have to come to the Mad Room."

Thus by reading the solutions arrived at during other trials by fire, the current sufferer might see his way out of his own tangled labyrinth of despair.

Now Kitty stared hostilely at the fat book of case histories lying on a pot-bellied trunk. At the moment she had no interest in the travail of her relatives. Instead, she lay down on the lumpish horsehair sofa and contemplated the ruin of her life.

The ruin's name was Jim. James Barlow Townsend. A silly name. An impossible person. Why she had ever thought otherwise, Kitty could not now understand. From the beginning he had been impossible and continued to be so right to the end.

From the beginning . . .

It had been a night for magic, a night for mischief, and on such a precarious night Kitty made the innocent mistake of going to the Penguin Club with Bruce Goodwin.

To the seductive background of dreamy music played by one of the best dance orchestras, Bruce said softly, "Kitty, you've kicked me around like a football for two years. When do you intend to pick me up and carry me over the goal line?"

The music and Bruce's pleading voice were all working on Kitty like yeast in a warm room. Why not marry him? He was sweet. He kept thinking up new ways to please her. He was what is known as a good catch. Well, why not?

Kitty started to open her mouth to say yes when someone tall and dark arrived at the table and opened his mouth first.

"Hello, Bruce."

"Hello, Jim."

Bruce got to his feet and made somewhat reluctant introductions. "Kitty Sinclair, Jim Townsend."

Kitty murmured and Jim Townsend said, "How do you do? Mind if we dance, Bruce?"

Kitty forgot all about whatever it was she intended saying to Bruce. She got straight up and melted into the somehow familiar arms of Jim Townsend.

Almost immediately she was aware of a strange conviction that she was losing her identity—that she was this man named Jim and not herself at all. But after a dozen smooth steps when he looked down and smiled, she was Kitty again — thoroughly, gorgeously, triumphantly Kitty, alive as she had never been alive in her 22 years.

"Hello," she said, to see if she still had a voice.

"Hello."

She had never known before that "Hello" could mean so many things. It meant, "I feel the way you do"; it meant, "I don't believe this is happening"; it meant, "I know it's happening and I love it."

The music ended. Still in a kind of trance, they left the floor and went out to the conservatory off the far end of the ballroom.

"Why is it," said Jim, "that all the good and true words have been said over and over so they don't sound good and true any more?"

"Such as what?" asked Kitty, wanting to hear those words so urgently that she was disgusted with herself.

"Such as, 'Where have you been all my life?' Every wolf in the pack has bayed that at the moon."

"But now," she said shamelessly, "it sounds new, and good, and true."

"It is!" he said. "It is!" Then she felt his arms tighten round her and felt herself responding like a sunflower to the sun.

It was a sinful waste of time for them to wait over a week to get engaged. "I want to be sure," said Kitty on Thursday (the third day), which was the first day he proposed.

Jim laughed. "You want to play hard to get. And just for that, I won't ask you again for a whole week."

On the following Thursday they were officially engaged. At the time they were too delirious with the stupendous miracle of having found each other to make coherent plans. But the next day they set about it in earnest. In earnest meant Jim had to sit on one side of the room and Kitty on the other lest they forget about plans and be occupied only with the fact that they had a lifetime of kisses to catch up on.

"I submit," Jim began, "that the sooner we say 'I do' the better."

"Oh, yes," sighed Kitty, and wondered how he could stand a female so breathless and eager.

"Could you be ready in three weeks?"

She stared at him. "Three weeks did you say?"

"Four, then," he amended reluctantly.

"Jim, are you crazy?"

"I can't stand waiting any longer—can't and won't. You can do it if you try."

"Four weeks," Kitty repeated, the words tasting bitter in her mouth. "Four days, idiot!"

It was Jim's turn to stare. "But you can't whip up a church wedding with all the trappings and all the relatives coming from far and wide in four days."

Kitty stiffened (shades of Grandmother!). "Who said anything about trappings or relatives either? All we need is you and me."

How could an issue as trivial, as absurd, as unimportant as this catapult them into battle? It couldn't—but it did. He wanted a church wedding.

Of all the idiotic, sentimental, stupid stands to take, this was it—and for a man to take it was grotesque. What if his mother and his aunts and his tenth cousins-twice-removed did expect it of him? It was still silly, and Kitty said so.

She also said a couple of other high-voltage things. "What about my family?"

"What about them?"

"They never go through the fancy travesty of church weddings."

"You mean your relatives never got married?"

"Don't be disgusting. I mean they're as intelligently forthright about marriage as they are about everything else."

Please turn to page 36

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Every Wife a Part-time Nurse



There are times when every wife must play the role of "part-time nurse". When these occasions arise, there are two simple rules to follow. First, to call the family physician whenever serious illness is suspected. Second, to see that the medicine cabinet is stocked with dependable medicines.

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● Skirt swinging full from the waist and close-fitting top are combined by CARVEN in a cotton play dress made of fine percale weave.



● Daring beach ensemble of a butcher-blue linen by SCHIAPARELLI has jerkin cut to reveal shorts at back.



● Bright gipsy-striped linen casual ensemble by MOLYNEUX has a surprising touch in the knee-length pants showing in a finer stripe under frock.



● An excellent idea for hot summer days is the Foreign Legion sunbonnet designed by BRUYERE to wear with a turquoise-blue printed cotton frock with trimming of rick-rack braid on turn-back collar and short sleeves. Basque gives smart hip fullness.

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Rear figure: The Marina. "Lastex" 2-piece. Prices, £3/1/- to £4/4/-. No coupons.

Scamp

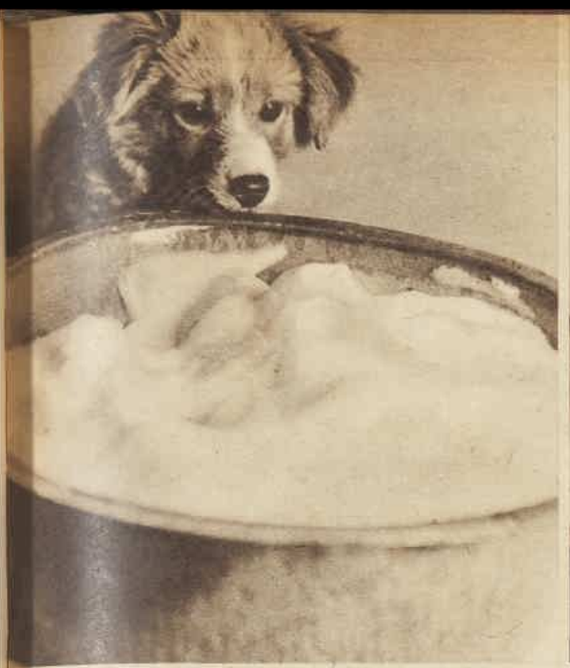
in "Lastex".. for the miracle fit

Created by Turnerchutes.



IT'S YOUTH . . . IT'S GRACE . . . IT'S SCAMP

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• *This looks to me like the stuff they put on top of cakes.*



• *Doesn't taste quite right. P'raps it's better underneath.*

HOW COULD YOU . . . ?



• *P'raps the cake's inside?*



• *Bother! There MUST be something good here.*



• *Seems to me I've had this stuff in my eyes before. Could it be . . . a BATH!!!!*



By Night... by Day

Flatter your hands with
GAZE
Crème Nail Enamel

Lovely hands tipped with glowing color add the final touch of glamor to any outfit. And whether you like vivid dashing reds or softer pinks you'll find just the colors you want in the lovely Gaze range.

If you're worried about chipping or peeling . . . forget it! Gaze Crème Nail Enamel flows on and *stays* on.

Take your pick from these exciting shades and keep them always on your dressing table.

- DEBUTANTE
- SHOCKING PINK
- CYCLAMEN
- NATURAL
- TORQUAY
- POST BOX
- BEVERIE
- BURGUNDY
- CLEAR

GAZE
crème
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Irresistible charm, high-toned poise, stateliness . . . these delightful qualities of women of fashion are founded on *confidence!* You can have every *confidence* in taking *genuine Vincent's A.P.C* Powders or Tablets for Headaches, Rheumatism, 'Flu and Colds, and all nerve and muscular pain! *Vincent's A.P.C* is prepared to the original hospital prescription as first used by the Medical Superintendent of one of Australia's largest public hospitals. *Always insist on genuine Vincent's A.P.C Powders or Tablets.* Vincent's is the best that science can produce!

Genuine

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SAFE! SURE!
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TAKE VINCENT'S A.P.C WITH CONFIDENCE

FOR HEADACHES, RHEUMATISM, NERVE & MUSCULAR PAIN, SLEEPLESSNESS, SCIATICA, NEURITIS, NEURALGIA, LUMBAGO, INFLUENZA, COLDS, SORE THROAT

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Australian Navy has its peacetime heroes, too



YOUNGSTERS from the ill-fated corvette Warrnambool, Stokers John McBride (centre), Tom Gibney (left), and John McDougall, enjoy a mug of tea at Balmoral Naval Depot.

Youngsters acted like veterans when Warrnambool struck mine

Behaviour of youngsters in the crew of the Warrnambool when she struck a mine and sank off Cairns showed that the peacetime R.A.N. is carrying on the fine traditions of the Australian wartime navy. Four of the crew lost their lives and 25 were seriously injured.

As wounded and fit members of the crew returned to their home towns, scenes at airports and railway stations, where anxious parents and wives waited, recalled many similar poignant days during the war.

THE veteran calm with which the lads of the Warrnambool discussed the tragedy contrasted strangely with the fact that the trip by R.A.A.F. Dakota planes from Cairns was for many of them their first time in the air.

Young Stoker John McBride, 18 of Victoria, who helped turn off the boiler sprays when the corvette struck the mine, would rather pass examinations than be a hero.

Greatest worry of dark-haired, youthful-looking McBride was the loss of examination papers which he and other young stokers on the ship had done three days before the tragedy.

"It was a very tough exam, and now I suppose we'll have to sit for it all over again," he said.

McBride and Leading-Stoker Ted Clark, 24, of Bondi, had just gone on watch in the boiler-room when the ship struck, and their quick-thinking action in shutting off the boiler sprays prevented the ship from catching fire.

The survivors owe their lives to the hour's grace between the time the Warrnambool struck the mine and the time she went down.

Although they had to fight their way through steam and wreckage to turn off the boiler oil sprays, neither Clark nor McBride considers there was anything heroic in their actions.

"We naturally raced for the boiler sprays," McBride said, "but there were a lot of chaps far worse off than we were."

Courage shown by McBride, who has been in the Naval Reserve only 13 months, is typical of that of other youngsters on the ship who were still at school during the worst horrors of the war.

Lads of seventeen and eighteen, some of whom had only joined up nine months ago, were specially praised by officers for their clear-headed actions during the first sudden shock of the explosion.

One of the most relieved relatives was Mrs. Nellie Clark, of Woollahra, wife of Leading-Stoker Ted Clark.

Clark is likely to be recommended for a decoration for his action in shutting off the boilers in the engine-room.

They have a three-months-old daughter, Terry, who was born just before Clark went on the voyage.

"My mother and I read the news in the paper, and when we couldn't find Ted's name in the casualty lists I thought he was missing," Mrs. Clark said.

"I nearly went out of my mind with worry."

Clark's telegram, "Safe and well. Home soon. All my love. Ted," arrived a day later, and Mrs. Clark was waiting at the airport with the baby to meet him.

Although he has six years to go in the Navy, Clark says he intends to "get out and become a civilian" as soon as his time is up.

"I'm very much in favor of him leaving the Navy," Mrs. Clark said. "He's a wonderful help round the house, and does the shopping and washing whenever he's home.

"If he stays in the Navy he'll never get acquainted with his daughter at all."

The Clarks are at present living with Mrs. Clark's mother, Mrs. D. McIntyre, but hope to build their own home on a block of land next door.

Proud families

But Clark's mother, Mrs. E. Clark, of North Randwick, is doubtful whether her son will ever give up the Navy.

"When he was thirteen he went for the Naval Examination for Flinders Depot, and he did very well. But he's as quiet as an oyster and failed on the personality test," she said.

"I tried to get him to forget the idea of the Navy, but he said he'd join even if he had to scrub decks.

"I don't think he'll ever leave it now."

Stoker John McBride joined the Navy to see the sea.

"That lad has salt water in his blood," proudly explained his adoring Scottish mother, Mrs. Alec McBride, of Champion Road, Williamstown, Vic.

"But I've noo hearrt to talk aboot it until I've seen ma boy and knas he's alricht," she confided in broad accent the day before her son came home.

The fact that the bravery of her son and Leading-Stoker Clark had probably saved the lives of about 90 of the Warrnambool's complement left her shaken by the danger he had been in, but not surprised by his valor.

"He's always been a level-headed lad," she commented in motherly fashion. "He never panics or becomes upset in difficult circumstances. Perhaps it's because he has always been so preoccupied with ships and the sea.

"As a toddler he used to put himself in command of his own fleet—he fashioned little ships from the silver paper wrappers round every packet of cheese that came into the kitchen," his mother recalls.

And the sight of her shelling peas was the signal for him to pounce on the empty pods to sail as tiny craft.

John was educated at the Star of the Sea Christian Brothers' School, West Melbourne, and from the time he passed his merit certificate exam, Mrs. McBride says, he tormented her and her husband to try to obtain their permission for him to enter the merchant navy.

During the war he had everything teed up to enter, except the all-important signature of his parents consenting to his joining the service.

When his own persuasive powers failed to move them he resorted to bringing home sailors from ships in port to "work on" his parents.

But it was of no avail until last December, when their resistance broke down and he elatedly set off for Flinders Naval Depot to learn the duties of a stoker.

"He rather fancied joining the service as a cook," his mother said. "However, he gave this idea away as it carried with it the square-rig uniform of a double-breasted jacket, collar, tie, and peaked cap.

"John's sartorial ideal has always been 'round rig' sailor uniform with billowing trousers and bared chest.

"I suppose the special 'tiddley suit' he bought himself when he passed out of the depot was lost when the Warrnambool sank," Mrs. McBride pondered with a combination of sentiment and Scottish prudence.

The McBrides now have a comfortable, well-furnished, modern home at Williamstown, where you really find the pulse of going down to the sea in ships.

At times Mrs. McBride feels nostalgic for the familiar surroundings of their former home near the River Yarra at Richmond.

However, such musings are promptly knocked on the head by Stoker John McBride, R.A.N., with the threat that if his family ever moves from Williamstown he will still make it his shore address by boarding there when he is on leave.

Not that he spends much time ashore. Shore leave to him is an opportunity to ride the ocean waves again, fishing in the bay with his mother's brother, Andrew Connor, who has his own little boat.

Mother of Stoker Lloyd Munro, 23, of Byron Bay, N.S.W., Mrs. D. Munro is one of the few mothers who was not worried when the news of the sinking came through.

"It's the third time I've been blown up on ships—and, as usual, I got off with only a few scratches," Munro said.

"The fellows say I'm either the luckiest chap in the Navy—or else I'm a Jonah. They haven't decided which."

Munro was torpedoed in 1942 in H.M.A.S. Perth, and in 1945, when he was travelling in a Japanese merchant ship from Changi prison camp, he was blown up again.

"Mother's past the stage of worrying over me any more," he said. "She reckons I'll probably be all right."

Munro had just come off duty in the engine-room when the Warrnambool struck the mine, and was thrown on his back among other members of the crew.

He was one of the men picked up in the water by the motor launch.

"I'm definitely staying in the Navy," he said. "I like the life. And, after all, there aren't many jobs where you get as much variety and excitement."



SAFE HOME after harrowing adventures in the boiler-room of the Warrnambool, Leading-Stoker Ted Clark renews acquaintance with three-months-old daughter Terry at his Woollahra home. His wife and mother-in-law, Mrs. D. McIntyre, watch from background.

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Editorial

OCTOBER 4, 1947

WOMEN MUST SPEAK UP

AN American woman addressing the Feminist Club in Sydney said that Australian women were "too peaceful."

She claimed that by carrying banners, presenting petitions, and organising demonstrations women in the United States have achieved many reforms.

Although Australian women have achieved a good deal by quieter means, the visitor's views are worth considering.

Few women can be satisfied with the world to-day or with how it is run. They are horrified to see behind apparent organisation for peace the fatalistic preparations for a future war.

The national housekeeping appears to them to be wilfully extravagant in many things and shamefully mean in others, such as pensions, health schemes, and scientific research.

These views are useless when given expression only in family table-talk or neighborly discussion. But when a voice is joined with a thousand others it helps to make a noise that cannot be ignored.

The first thing, of course, is to care strongly enough about some question.

Housewives, for instance, have fairly made the welkin ring with their views on home deliveries of foodstuffs.

Now there's the matter of elastic for corsets. Imports were to be restricted under the dollar cuts, but the Government has become suddenly so aware of the female hostility engendered by such a move that the lifting of the restrictions is expected.

Women must therefore be as vocal about great questions as they are about "string-bag droop" and the corset shortage.

They might be surprised, even in these days, to find how effective they could be.



SPROD LOOKS AT LIFE: *Our artist visits a Sunday School picnic.*

It seems to me...

BY



Dorothy Drain

ONLY those who live alone could avoid discussing anything serious at the breakfast table, says a married woman who noticed my remarks on that subject last week.

She thinks that even solitary dwellers may encounter hazards, judging by her experience re her husband's indigestion.

As he was inclined to be a little grey and subdued in humor until after his second cup of coffee, she has always refrained from mentioning such things as the due date of the insurance and the imminence of the rate notices over the morning egg.

Even so, he was always getting indigestion from swallowing chunks of toast and burning his palate with coffee. This, she discovered, was due to a certain basic disagreement with the leading articles of his morning paper. Tactfully, she induced him to start at the back with the comic strips and keep the leaders for the tram.

He's had no trouble since and is even putting on a little weight.

* * *

THE effect of digestion on mood has been studied to some extent, but it varies with persons and circumstances.

For instance, I was taught that the best time to interview a businessman was after lunch, when he was bound to be in a good temper.

That's an outmoded idea.

To-day there's a strong belief that an over-large waistline may mean under-par health, and a man brooding on his weakness in choosing steak-and-kidney pie instead of salad may well be in a filthy humor after lunch.

Just as important is the effect of mood on digestion, as exemplified in the high incidence of ulcers among worried businessmen.

But the most striking example of the mood affecting the digestion was that afforded by the South African carpenter whose habits led him to the doctor. Every time he felt depressed he swallowed a handful of nails.

Fortunately it is not possible to swallow a typewriter.

* * *

A SYDNEY advertisement for the film "Spectre of the Rose" describes it as a "strange, powerful love story by the screen's master storyteller, Ben Hecht, who gave you 'Spellbound' and 'Wuthering Heights.'"

Oh, well, we must move with the times.

* * *

ACCORDING to a news item from Canberra, Mr. Chifley is very fond of flowers and likes them in his bedroom:

Chif
Likes the whiff
Of flowers
In leisure hours;
And if
A Parliamentary tiff
His outlook sours
He dreams of bowers
Where he can sniff
And sniff.

IN the arguments that will precede the referendum on price and rent controls there's bound to be plenty of use made of the American example.

The American prophets who said that the removal of the controls would mean eventually the lowering of prices through competition are beginning to wonder if and when they'll be proved right.

Meanwhile, there's some talk of voluntary food rationing. The chairman of the Senate War Investigating Committee (Senator Brewster) said recently that voluntary food rationing would bring down prices and make more food available for Europe. "But," he said, "the restoration of Government controls would be catastrophic."

He's an optimist if he thinks food rationing without Government control would be effective.

The voluntary idea (Senator Brewster's suggested slogan: "Save Food to Save America") is just a beautiful dream.

Too many people would think: "What's the use? Why should we go without? The people next door won't bother!"

Talking of statements by American public figures, most irritating of the month came from Mr. Douglas Buck, head of the Senate Banking Sub-Committee, who said: "The British must tighten their belts, sweat, and work to regain their self-respect."

Pardon us, Mr. Buck. Perhaps we didn't hear you aright?

* * *

THE high prices in America are among the reasons that Australia-bound migrants gave for their desire to try life in a new country, but others mentioned "postwar disillusionment."

Disillusionment, they will probably find, is hard to leave behind. It tags along with the disillusioned one.

And the postwar variety is common to every country which had any part in the war.

To the serviceman overseas the imperfections of home were forgotten, the stress of former civilian life seemed trifling in comparison with present discomfort and the imminence of death.

In the emotional stress of war it was easy to believe that recovery would be quick.

Not only the serviceman but those who made the promises believed that the world would be a better one.

* * *

SOME solemn legal attention was given recently to the length of time dust takes to accumulate in a house.

It arose from a New South Wales divorce court action in which part of the evidence hinged on whether a fire had or had not been alight in the fireplace.

The judge inspected the house and decided the fire could not have been alight there ten months before because of the dust and fluff in the fireplace.

But his judgment was set aside on the decision of the Full Court, and the Chief Justice, Sir Frederick Jordan, remarked that dust and fluff could accumulate in a scrupulously swept hospital in one day.

Housewives will be pleased to see that their problems do not escape the attention of those distinguished persons who sit on the Bench.

That old cry, "I only did this house yesterday and look at it now!" has not fallen on deaf ears after all.

Interesting People



MRS. VIOLET LINDRUM

. . . piano and billiards

FAMOUS as daughter of Walter Lindrum and mother of Horace Lindrum, red-haired, dynamic Mrs. Violet Lindrum was a professional pianist at age of 14. She is only woman billiard-marker in Australia, plans to train other women here to become billiard-markers, players, referees. Ambition is to "put billiards game on higher level." On recent tour became member of British Billiards Association and Control Council.



INSPECTOR A. USHER

. . . guards Princess Elizabeth

PERSONAL guard to Princess Elizabeth, Inspector A. Usher, of Division, Metropolitan Police, is small and athletic looking, in his early forties, and a keen amateur boxer. He is a vegetarian. Wearing civilian clothes, he can always be seen watching the Princess unobtrusively when she appears in public. His responsibilities have increased since Royal betrothal, as crowds are more eager than ever for glimpse of the Princess.



MISS JEAN LOVE

. . . concert in New York

AUSTRALIAN girl winner of Melba Bequest Scholarship, Jean Love makes her New York concert debut this week. After farewell concert in Melbourne in 1939 she went to America to study, but war interrupted her scholarship fund. Since then has made a name for herself in U.S. without any help, and last year appeared successfully with Detroit and Milwaukee Symphony Orchestras. Off stage she is Mrs. Sydney King Russell.

The World's Best Mystery Fiction — ELLERY QUEEN'S MYSTERY MAGAZINE — at all Newsagents — 1/- every month.

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World's largest telescope soon to probe space

Scientists of all countries will use £2,000,000 instrument

From our New York office

At the end of this year or early in 1948 the giant Mt. Palomar telescope in California is expected to be ready for action.

Twice as big as the world's largest telescope, now in use at Mt. Wilson in America, it will look at the universe with seeing power 1,000,000 times that of the human eye and will penetrate eight times more space than has been revealed to man before.



PLASTIC MODEL of the huge Mt. Palomar telescope is inspected while on exhibition by California Institute of Technology.

THE telescope will explore the heavens in search of the answer to the most audacious question ever asked by science: "What is the universe composed of . . . and what makes it tick?"

Construction of the £2,000,000 telescope, largest and costliest instrument of peacetime research, was begun in 1934, but was held up for six years during the war.

In 1929 the Rockefeller General Education Board advanced the huge sum needed for its construction as a result of the inspiring campaign of the late Dr. George Ellery Hale, who dreamed, sketched, talked, and wrote articles on what a 200-inch telescope could accomplish.

Even when Dr. Hale had his hands on the money, there was no assurance that he could build the telescope he had dreamed of. The big question mark was the mirror, heart and soul of the project.

Could a 200-inch glass jewel be cast, transported to California, cut and polished to parabolic perfection, trucked to the top of a lonely mountain, and be mounted securely?

Ideal material

PURE quartz, with its 100 per cent. silica content, was obviously the ideal material for the new mirror. It wouldn't be affected by changes in atmospheric pressure or temperature. Many experiments were made with pure fused quartz discs, but all the larger ones cracked badly.

The depression came to the aid of Dr. Hale and his fellow scientists. In 1932, when business was slack, experts of the Corning Glass Company offered to cast a 200-inch mirror in Pyrex, whose silica content is high, but not the equal of pure quartz.

Previous telescope mirrors had been poured in one huge, flat cake. The Corning experts decided upon a radical departure from standard practice. They would build forms which would give the disc a flat frontal surface but with a ribbed rear surface, no one part of it more than five inches thick. This would allow for reduction in weight, rapid temperature equilibrium, and a system of supports for the mirror.

The idea worked. The white-hot molten glass flowed into the cellular mould and solidified without cracking.

The great glass disc was carefully removed, crated, and mounted on a railway truck. From Corning, N.Y., it travelled to Pasadena, California, by a circuitous route that avoided all low bridges and tunnels.

Increasing the size of the mirror spawned a whole school of engineering problems.

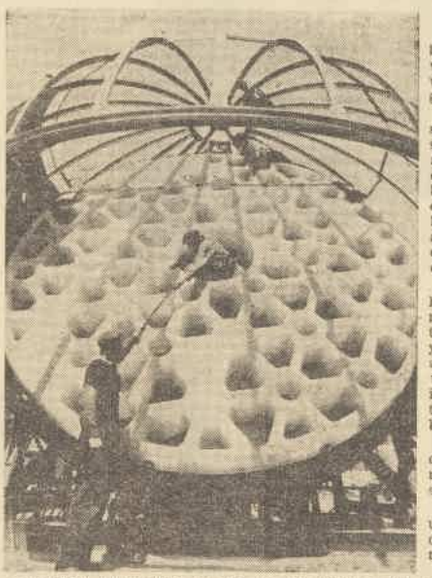
"These increases in themselves are not overwhelming as structures go nowadays, but the high accuracy required makes the problem in many respects quite unusual," points out Dr. John A. Anderson, Executive Officer of the Mt. Palomar Observatory Council. "For example, a 16-foot glass window may depart from flatness by half an inch and still be serviceable.

"Our mirror must not vary from perfection more than one or two millionths of an inch. A railroad bridge of comparable size can safely sag under a passing train by inches. Our telescope tube cannot deform anywhere, or in any position, over a sixteenth of an inch."

The face of the mirror, when it arrived at the California Institute of Technology 12 years ago, was flat as a ballroom floor. Working slowly and painstakingly, technicians have been "dishing out" the face ever so slightly.

Then, to give to the great glass disc a parabolic shape (like the curve in your automobile headlamp, which throws a straight beam of light), the centre part was deepened a few more thousandths of an inch.

When the desired shape has been achieved the mirror will be coated with aluminium and will be ready to transport to its mountain-top home.



LARGEST single piece of glass in the world is the 200-inch disc forming the core of the Palomar telescope shown here being fitted into its frame.

Mt. Palomar is on a 5600-foot ridge, mounted on a forest and chaparral covered base 30 miles long and 10 miles wide, about 100 miles south-east of Los Angeles, 30 miles inland from the Pacific.

It lies in a sparsely populated area likely to remain free from lights and smoke of future city developments, which would interfere with the dark sky so necessary for good observational work.

The task of building a small-sized community on the observatory site a mile above sea level, with an ample water supply, a diesel-electric power plant, gas supply, high-gear road, fire protection, radio communication with the California Institute of Technology, and an airplane landing field, was but another incidental engineering phase of the entire project.

In general, the structure that will house the 200-inch telescope does not differ materially in shape from the standard type chosen in recent years by other astronomical observatories. Resembling a Trojan warrior's helmet, the dome, 137 feet in diameter, revolves on a circular track, its split shutters riding on horizontal rails.

The ground floor contains offices, darkrooms, air-conditioning equipment, a library, a lunch-room, and storage space.

The second floor, or mezzanine, is used for public rest-rooms, electric control-rooms, time-standard equipment, and oil-pumping equipment.

The third floor contains the great 200-inch telescope itself. A glassed-in observation-room at the head of the stairs allows the public to view the instrument without transmitting body heat to the room.

When ready the telescope will be able to reach out a billion light years or 600,000,000,000,000,000,000 miles in space.

Astronomers don't expect immediate results from the 200-inch telescope. Nor will they be searching for "skyscrapers on the moon" or "men on Mars."

Many long and painstaking years of photographing and analysing the heavens will be required before any world-shaking new theories are formulated.

Astronomers working with the Mt. Palomar telescope won't peer through the eyepiece at all. Instead, they'll spend chilly nights bundled up in overcoats, sliding photographic plates in and out of the foci where light from distant stars is trapped.

World-wide use

WHEREVER men skilled in the science of the stars ponder what lies beyond our earthly existence—whether in the United States, Great Britain, Russia, China, or Latin America—they will be able to use the information caught in the 200-inch reflecting mirror and the three smaller Schmidt telescopes.

And, eventually, out of the photographic plates and mathematical formulas may come the answers to such questions as:

"Is the universe exploding at a rate of 20,000 miles per second, as observations of the red spectra and the calculations of Einstein seem to suggest?"

"What causes the sun to shine?"

"Is there any possibility that this earth, which some geologists have recently suggested is getting hotter, not cooler, may burst into a tiny sun?"

"What has caused life to exist on this earth, and is there a possibility that it may exist on other planets?"

BABY BANTERS

Heavyweight sports item

By Constance Bannister



Prize fightin's a good name for it . . . *'Cause after luggin' these things around . . .* *You ought to get a prize . . .* *Even if you don't hit nobody with 'em.*

TEA is Most Stimulating and Refreshing——ASK FOR THE BEST — BUSHELLS, THE TEA OF FLAVOR.

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A Message TO AUSTRALIA . . .

RED CROSS thanks all those generous Australians who made possible the despatch to the people of England of £500,000 worth of urgently needed food and clothing.



AID TO EX-SERVICEMEN

Red Cross has many responsibilities, but its first is to the Sick and Wounded and the Ex-Prisoners of War from the Services, whose need for aid first brought it into being. Help is given in Hospitals and in the Society's Convalescent Homes. Handcraft and Library Services make their lot easier, while from Red Cross Social Service they can seek advice or assistance in any matter affecting them as individuals.

YOUR AID IS NEEDED . . . NOW

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RADIANT BRIDE. Mrs. Stephen Hewlett leaves St Philip's, Church Hill, by car with her husband after marriage. Bride formerly June Eedy, daughter of the Noel Eedys, of Blackburn, Yass. Reception held at Wentworth Hotel.



COUNTRY INTEREST. Lachlan Maxwell, of Queanbeyan, and his bride, formerly Audrey Cochran, elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. A. L. Cochran, of Yaouk, Adaminaby, at reception at Usher's Hotel after ceremony at St. Stephen's.

Intimate Gottings

GAY times ahead for Sydney planned for Spring racing carnival with its hordes of parties crammed between race meetings. Sydney hotels are booked out, and this week a steady stream of country folk will invade the city to join in festivities.

Not to be outdone by city gaiety, Deniliquin plans Southern Riverina Picnic Turf Club meeting, the first since war days, on October 8 and 9. On long-distance telephone hear from wife of president, Mrs. John Webb, that clubrooms, which were given some years ago by Ottie Falkiner, have been redecorated in cream and will be massed with spring flowers. Race guest of charming president and wife at their property "Lindifferon" will be Alec Baird, who is coming up from Western District.

• • •

OTHER well-knowns in district to entertain over meeting, I believe, are the Thomas Millears, of "Stud Park"; Mac and Jeanette Falkiner, of "Boonoke"; the George Landales, of "Dahwilla," whose guests will include Mr. and Mrs. David Wood, of "Kolora," Hay. Jean Simmons and Judy and John Berrett, friends of Hunter and Louise Landale, have been invited to join the Robert Landales' house-party at "Mundiwa."

Secretary of club, Mr. A. Y. Ellerman, tells me club has been going since approximately 1908, with break during two wars. Biggest interest on first day's racing is Breeders' Plate; second day Gold Cup and President's Cup for grass-fed horses.



ENGAGED. June Milson, younger daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Peter Milson, of Laverstock, Bowning, and fiance Joe Weir, Bertangles, Bowning, at party at Australia Hotel given by Joe's sister, Mrs. Colin Galbraith.



CANBERRA PARTY. Mrs. Paul Malone, wife of official secretary of Canadian High Commissioner's office, chats with Mrs. Owen Davies at first official reception given by Canadian High Commissioner, Mr. K. A. Greene, and Mrs. Greene.



OPENING OF PARLIAMENT. Danish Minister Mr. Christian Rottboll and his wife as they come up the steps of Parliament House, Canberra, for opening of session.



THEATREGOERS. Mr. and Mrs. John Broinowski snapped at Minerva Theatre with Mrs. Broinowski's son, Mackenzie Munro. Mrs. Broinowski's cocktail hat of soft ostrich feathers was fashion highlight.



PHOTO FROM SOUTH AUSTRALIA. Sylvia Williams, of Turramurra, is guest of honor at luncheon party at South Australian Hotel given by Johanna Forbes. From left: Helen Trott, Sylvia, Johanna, Mrs. Geoff O'Halloran Giles, and Mrs. W. F. Cook, formerly Pam Owen, of Sydney. Johanna, who is daughter of Brigadier and Mrs. A. M. Forbes, lived in Sydney while attending Uni. here.

THERE'LL be fun galore for Sydney's younger set over race week, too. One of the highlights will be Joan Walder's twenty-first birthday party given by her parents, Mr. and Mrs. A. Walder, of Point Piper, this Saturday night. Romantic setting for hundred youthful guests, who will dance under the stars on specially constructed floor set on lawn, which slopes down to water's edge.

"I've chosen my favorite color, pink, for my dress," Joan tells me. It's to be pale pink marquisette with tiered skirt and pink-beaded bodice. Her birthday cake, a super two-tiered job, is also iced in pink.

Joan's party will be one of few she will attend, as she is working hard at University doing final year Arts and Social Studies. If she passes exams she will set sail for England next May to continue studies at Bedford College, London.

• • •

VISITORS to London are Mrs. Jack Tonkin, of Canberra, and her daughter, Joan, who travel to England to visit Joan's sister, Mrs. George Kay, who is living at Peel, on the Isle of Man. Mrs. Tonkin is delighted to make acquaintance of baby grandson, Ian.

FIRST dress to be created in Australia by Paris fashion designer Pierre Balmain is worn by Mrs. Charles Lloyd Jones when she and her husband have cocktail party at their lovely home, Rosemont, Woollahra, for Mr. Balmain. Dress is late afternoon frock of slim black crepe with decollete neckline, three-quarter sleeves, and black tulle veiling pink as a sash tied on hipline. Wide ankle-strap Parisian shoes peep beneath new ankle length of gown as Mrs. Lloyd Jones greets guests.

All sorts of interesting personalities at party, including Balmain's technical adviser, Captain John Cavanagh, who tells me week has been filled with rush of work and sightseeing with spare moments between used to send off food parcels containing white flour to friends overseas.

• • •

BRIEFLY: It's like old home week on the Darling Point bus, which has just started running into town again since dark days of war . . . Valda Ayeling gives recital at Y.W.C.A. Hall this Tuesday in aid of Y.W.C.A. £10,000 appeal.

Joyce



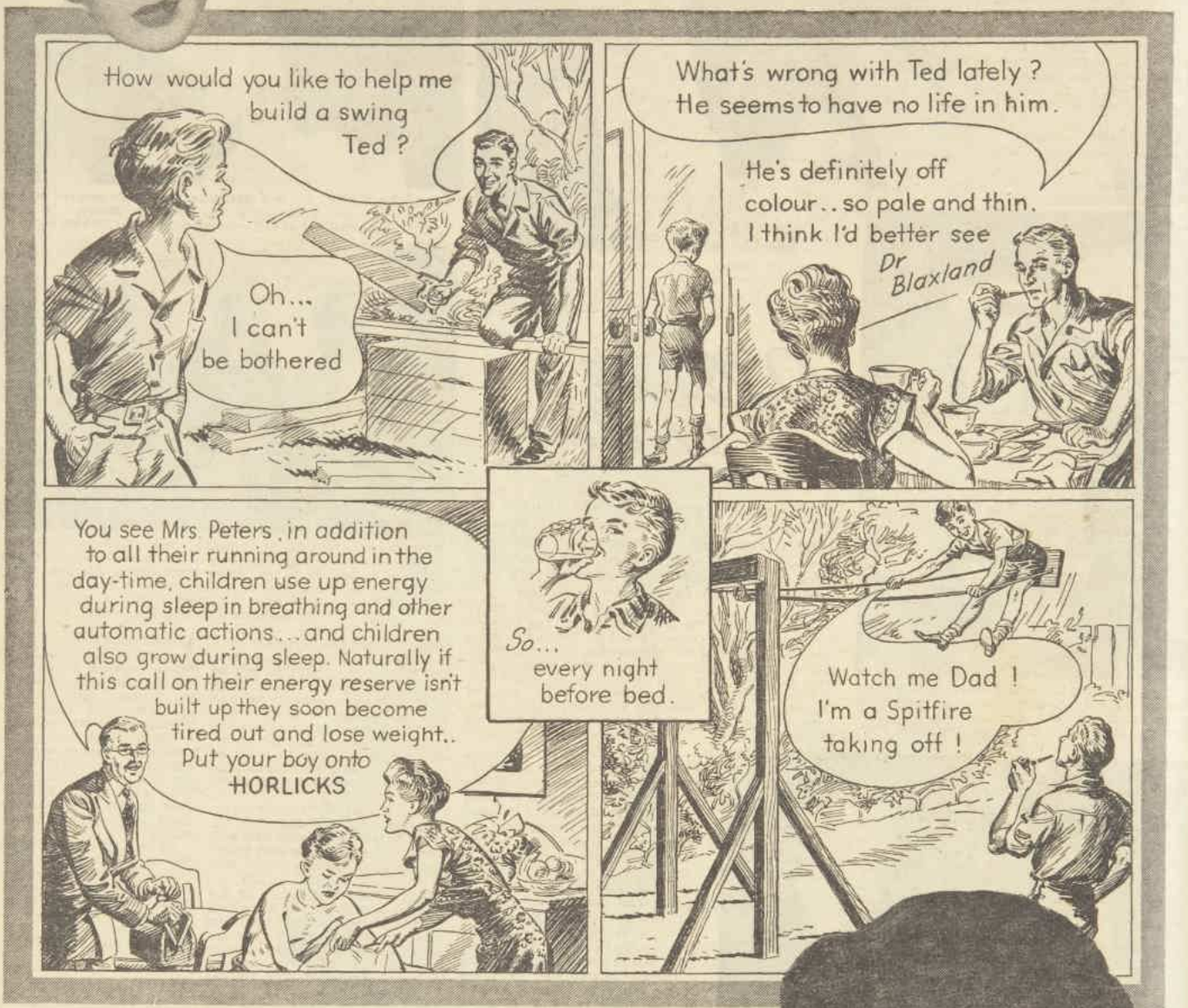
HONEYMOONERS. Dr. and Mrs. Harold Davis honeymoon at Daydream Island, Barrier Reef. Before marriage at St. John's Cathedral, Brisbane, bride was Marjory Allsop, Brisbane. Harold is son of Dr. and Mrs. Clyde Davis, Pennant Hills. He is resident at R.P.A. Hospital.

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As I Read the STARS

by JUNE MARSDEN

IMPORTANT days are ahead now for most Geminians, Librans, and Aquarians, with the opportunity for realising many hopes and ambitions.

Arians, Cancerians, and Capricornians, however, are advised to live cautiously and avoid new enterprises, partings, and legal matters.

The Daily Diary

HERE is my astrological review for the week. For Perth time subtract two hours, for Adelaide time subtract 30 minutes. Other States as below:

ARIES (March 21 to April 21): Beware indiscretions, arguments, and big decisions now, especially on Sept. 30 (evening). Oct. 1 and 2. Routine tasks prove best.

TAURUS (April 21 to May 22): Extravagance and rashness can bring difficulties this week, so keep to routine. Oct. 3 and 4 mildly helpful, but rest of week poor.

GEMINI (May 23 to June 22): Keep busy this week and seek happiness, particularly as regards romance, travel, and law. Oct. 1 and 2 fair; 3 and 4 excellent, so use well.

CANCER (June 23 to July 23): Be cautious and avoid new ventures this week. Difficulties likely on Sept. 30 (evening). Oct. 1 and 2. Keep to routine matters.

LEO (July 24 to August 24): October 1 and 2 mildly helpful for minor matters, so use well. Live quietly on Oct. 3 and 4, and keep to routine.

VIRGO (August 24 to Sept. 23): Unspectacular days now, so keep to routine matters. Sept. 30 poor; Oct. 3 and 4 fair. Oct. 1 and 2 poor.

LIBRA (Sept. 23 to Oct. 24): Seek gains and favors now. Present week may bring unexpected happiness or romance. Oct. 1 and 2 poor; 3 and 4 excellent, so use well.

SCORPIO (Oct. 24 to Nov. 23): Plan ahead for good weeks to come, but avoid rashness. Oct. 3 and 4 poor; 5 and 6 good. Routine tasks best this week.

SAGITTARIUS (Nov. 23 to Dec. 22): Oct. 1 and 2 helpful for minor changes in domestic relations or finance, but Oct. 3 and 4 poor. Live quietly then, and avoid partings or losses.

CAPRICORN (Dec. 23 to Jan. 20): Beware pitfalls now, especially arguments and partings, and live quietly this week. Worst days Oct. 1, 2, and 3, so keep to routine.

AQUARIUS (Jan. 20 to Feb. 19): A mixed week, so live wisely. Oct. 1 and 2 fair; 3 and 4 poor, so avoid quarrels or worry. Oct. 5 and 6 excellent for happiness and romance.

PISCES (Feb. 19 to March 21): Plan ahead for good weeks to come. Meanwhile Sept. 30 fair; Oct. 3 and 4 poor. Keep to routine matters.

[The Australian Women's Weekly presents this astrological diary as a matter of interest, without accepting responsibility for the statements contained in it. June Marsden regrets that she is unable to answer any letters.—Editor, A.W.W.]



"She'll be an old maid before she's twelve!"

Your Coupons

TEA: 33-44 (33-36 expire Oct. 12, when 45-48 become available).
BUTTER: 31-33 (expire Oct. 12, when 34-36 become available).
MEAT: Black, 71-77 (expire Oct. 12, when 78-81 become available), green 81-91 (expire Oct. 12, when 89-91 become available.)
CLOTHING 1-56 current.

Mandrake the Magician

MANDRAKE: Master magician, and LOTHAR: His giant Nubian servant, set off on the yacht Argos, owned by wealthy explorer COLONEL BARTON: Who is searching for the rare flame-colored pearls. His daughter BETTY: Is also on board. In the tropics a storm bursts and the Argos is dragged by a magnetic force towards a rocky island. Going ashore in a rubber boat, Mandrake, Lothar, Betty, and Barton land on the magnetic island. The party is confronted by KING CY: Ruler of the island and an escaped murderer. He orders the men to work on the vegetable patches. Mandrake defies him, and the king lashes out with a whip.

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WORTH Reporting

EARLIER this year we quoted a letter from the Rev. Chas. Newland, who had asked for used stamps, sale of which helped a children's hospital at Ipswich, England.

Recently we had a letter from Mr Newland, who at date of writing had received 658 batches of stamps! Naturally the task of thanking the senders was beyond him, and he asked us to do it for him.

Responses to some other letters from England printed in our "What's On Your Mind?" column proved more than the recipients could cope with.

A Londoner, Ernest Graves, begins a letter to us: "Please, please, I appeal for mercy. When I mentioned my admiration of Australian stamps in a letter, I did not foresee the great kindness of the sunny-hearted folk who live under the Southern Cross.

"It seems that the entire population of Australia must read The Australian Women's Weekly."

Mr. Graves, a disabled World War I soldier, was unable to write to his correspondents but wants to thank them all.

But Mrs. Florence Bigwood sent us two letters within a week asking that no more magazines be sent to her in England. She had mentioned that copies of The Australian Women's Weekly were welcome in hospitals and has been snowed under with them.

She appreciated the kindness of the senders, but received so many that the task of distributing them all got beyond her.

Coats for sheep

AFTER experiencing the rigors of last winter Mr. James Ewart, farmer, of Taynuilt, in the Highlands of Scotland, has decided to fit his sheep with special coupon-free, waterproof, heat-retaining "jackets."

This will save him all the trouble of setding his lambs and young sheep to warmer pastures from October till May.

Mr. Ewart says that the waistcoats which will be stitched round the sheep are to be made from old flour bags steeped in linseed oil.

He thinks these jackets will keep out damp and benefit the wool.

Literary festival

NEWS of the annual literary festival being conducted by the Society of Women Journalists in London has been brought to Australia by Mrs. Lucie Walker-Leigh, who is in Australia for some months while her husband is on a business trip.

Mrs. Walker-Leigh, who was born in the Argentine, contributes regularly to two newspapers in Buenos Aires, and is a member of the Society of Women Journalists, of which the president is Clemence Dane.

Prizes in the competitions for the 1947 Literary Festival were awarded recently, and the 1948 competitions are now open. Several notable women writers, including Vera Brittain, Clemence Dane, and Marjorie Bowen, give trophies for the various sections, which include short stories, children's stories, feature articles, poems, and plays.

Mr. and Mrs. Walker-Leigh intend returning to England via America towards the end of the year.

Animal Antics



"We're thinking of renovating. Do you know of a good tree surgeon?"

Which explains it

A FRIEND of ours who owns a baby-wear shop tells us that an elderly man came into her store with a beautifully crocheted layette, which he offered for sale.

She paid him. He pocketed the money and agreed to supply further sets.

As he was leaving the shop, he turned with a shy grin and said: "I suppose you think it a bit funny for an old man like me to do crochet work. But for the life of me I can't knit."

Nursing in Canada

WE had another letter last week from Dorothy Barber, an Australian nurse from Yass, N.S.W., who has been overseas for several years. Earlier we published a couple of extracts from her letters describing nursing in New York, where she went from England.

Now she is nursing at the Toronto General Hospital, Canada.

"Here, things are almost primitive in comparison with the Medical Centre in New York, which had the latest equipment and every possible comfort," she writes. "But in many ways the nurses' work is much like that in Australian hospitals.

"There are, however, many more nurses for the number of patients than in New York.

"I was greatly surprised to be told that, as in U.S.A., the student nurse receives no salary during her three years' training here. This could easily be the reason for the acute shortage of student nurses."

War cemetery

PARENTS of a soldier killed in action and buried in Bomana War Cemetery, New Guinea (Private R. B. Ross), wrote to us to ask if we could give them and other parents a description of the cemetery.

We asked the War Graves Commission to describe it for us, and they tell us that Bomana, where 4000 Australian service men and women are buried, is in a beautiful valley about 12 miles from Port Moresby.

"The cemetery has been carefully designed," they told us, "and planned in such a way that the whole area will forever remain a beautiful garden of memory.

"On entering the simple but dignified entrance gates one proceeds along a short avenue and then sees the whole of the cemetery, each grave marked by a cross which bears the name and regimental particulars.

"Here and there is a cross marked 'An Unknown Australian Soldier,' or 'An Unknown Australian Airman.' The crosses are temporary, and will be replaced by headstones of white marble.

"A garden is planned along each row of headstones, so that each grave will bear a rose plant as a symbol of remembrance.

"Names on the crosses are associated with many famous battles.

"The Imperial War Graves Commission has now taken over from the Army the cemetery's permanent construction and maintenance. A resident supervisor has been appointed, and he, with native labor, will ensure that the cemetery will be peaceful, beautiful, and a fitting memorial."

Graphic

THE Indian weekly news magazine "Forum," which we receive regularly, carries an advertisement for an Indian women's magazine called "Begum," which we'd certainly like to see.

The features, states the ad., cover all interests for women "from harem to forum," and (we quote):

In pictures "Begum" will cover:
(1) Cream of Society.
(2) Scum of humanity, and
(3) Portray life in cartoons.

* * *

NYLON wigs are being made in London by Steiner, a well-known hairdresser. The texture is almost as fine as real hair, and the wigs can be made in any length up to 70 inches, which makes them useful for stage and screen work.

Actress Pamela Matthews sometimes wears an ash-blonde one.

Historic street

WHEN plans for rebuilding blitzed Bristol are complete there will be one street untouched by sweeping new designs (writes Betty Neabit from London).

It is King Street, one of the oldest streets in Bristol and one full of history.

At the top of the street are the 17th century almshouses built by the Society of Merchant Venturers in 1699 for old sailors. There is only one sailor left there now—Arthur Price, aged 72.

The other occupants left when the blitz came, but he refused to go and lives there by himself.

A little farther along is the Royal Theatre, the oldest theatre in England (built in 1766), where the famous David Garrick played, and which is now the home of the Bristol Old Vic Company.

Next door to it is the building which housed England's first free library.

At the extreme end of the street, just on the quayside, where gulls wheel and cry on windy days, is the tavern "Llandoger Trow," which Robert Louis Stevenson wrote about in "Treasure Island."

In the book it is "The Spyglass," where Jim Hawkins first met the pirate Long John Silver, and from the quay sailed the Hispaniola in search of Treasure Island.

THE LITTLE SCOUTS



"There y'are! When Mr. Johnson says he'll lend us to water, you can depend on him to DO it!"



My wife taught it to say: "RINSO for washing-up" before she went on holiday.

It's something to talk about—RINSO'S THICKER, RICHER SUDS for easier washing-up

I WHIZZ THROUGH THE DISHES NOW I USE RINSO'S RICHER, LONGER-LASTING SUDS. NO SLOW OLD-FASHIONED BAR-SOAPS FOR ME!

THOSE RICHER RINSO SUDS DISSOLVE GREASE IN A FLASH AND THEY KEEP ON DISSOLVING IT. THAT MEANS NO NASTY SCUM LEFT ON THE WATER

BRIGHT AS A JEWELLER'S WINDOW! THAT'S HOW MY GLASS AND SILVER LOOK WITH THAT RINSO SHINE. RINSO SAVES WORK IN THE KITCHEN AND IN THE LAUNDRY, TOO

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Thrilling Reading for all the Family —Ellery Queen's Mystery Magazine, 1/-.

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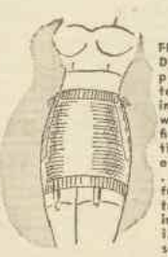
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And Then He Went Away

MARGRIT liked Dr. Ruegg. She liked his lack of proper regard for money and the fact that he gave two days every week to a children's clinic in Basel. Now he came diffidently into the hall, his eyes on her mother.

"I hope you haven't been upset by the excitement, Frau Kroller," he said gravely. "You look a little pale."

"That's because I haven't been exercising enough," she said lightly. "Do come on in."

"I'm afraid it's time——"

"Cuckoo, cuckoo." Above his head the little wooden bird in the clock had come out of his door as though at the word "time," and he bobbed on his platform, counting off the hours. Eleanor Kroller laughed, and the doctor laughed too.

Margrit laughed with them, and then all at once she wasn't laughing any more. Because her mother and the doctor laughed as though they couldn't stop, as though they found a sudden joyous release in the shared sound of mirth.

The laughter of each built up the laughter of the other, contrapuntally, until it seemed a warm golden union of sound, beating against the sombre chill of the hall. Their two faces were really young with the laughter; they were lost in it, clinging to it; they had forgotten there was anyone else near.

What am I thinking? Margrit asked herself with inner fierceness, and she heard the harshness in her voice as she said, "That spring needs oiling."

The two of them came down from the heights of laughter. Anton Ruegg said he would remain for a few minutes. They all went into the library and the doctor was introduced to Bill, and all the time Margrit was conscious of an insecurity, as though someone had tugged at a thick, comfortable rug beneath her feet.

Bill announced almost immediately that he should be getting back into the town, and Margrit, knowing he wanted to be alone with her and eager to hear his questions, said that she would take Peter and walk part way to the funicular with him.

It was not snowing as hard as it had been. They went down the walk single file, with Bill breaking the trail through the snow. At the foot of the walk they fell in line together.

"Tell me now what happened at the Consulate," Margrit demanded. "I thought we'd never get a chance to be alone."

"They had a record of planes that had come down in the Schaffhausen area. In the last spring of the war there were two such forced landings," he told her. "The crew of the second one was rounded up immediately by the border guard. The first one caught on fire and then it exploded just after they left it. They didn't all get clear."

"That's the one. That's exactly the way Mac told it!"

("Then there was an explosion. I thought my parachute was going to be sucked into it. I saw our tail gunner's 'chute catch . . .")

Continued from page 5

"Three of the men were reported missing, presumed to have been killed," Bill finished. "The others were picked up here and there."

"Did they have their names?" she asked eagerly. "Why didn't I ever think of going to the Consulate!"

"Yes, they did. None of them was named Mac—anything. But anybody could be nicknamed Mac. What was his position in the crew?"

"I don't believe he told me." Peter tugged at the leash and they moved on more quickly.

"I brought a list of the names. Maybe one of them will ring a bell." They were under the street lamp now and he took a slip of paper from his pocket and gave it to her. She read the names slowly, but nothing stirred in the dark cells of her memory. She shook her head and handed it back.

"Did he tell you where he came from?"

"Oh yes, New York. His father was in business for ten years in England. Then they returned to New York a couple of years before the war. They had a big apartment on the fifteenth floor, with a wonderful view; he spoke of the Empire State, Radio City and Brooklyn Bridge. In the summer they went to Long Island. He had a sailboat."

"Sounds like money."

"I suppose so. But he wasn't showing off. I kept asking questions and making him talk about America. I don't recall much about living there, you know. Some of the things he talked about seemed like a fairy-tale, I remember. Oranges or grapefruit for breakfast every morning, and the bathrooms with electric towel heaters and everybody having a car."

Bill kicked with one foot at the snow and said nothing.

"It sounded so big and so safe," she said, remembering. "People not afraid of their neighbors or each other. So—free and open and splendid. After he had gone it seemed as though he had left me a home that was already ours. When I was waiting to hear from him, expecting it at first, night after night up here, I pretended that I rode up with him in an elevator, up in the tall buildings rising so magnificently in the sky.

"He had given me, as no one else ever had, a picture of a country without fear and pettiness and suspicion—a country that really reaches for the stars." Then all at once she was painfully self-conscious. She twisted the end of Peter's leash between her fingers.

"I should turn back now," she said hastily. "Do you think we could find out whether one of the men in the bomber came from New York?"

"I'll try." He hesitated a moment. The snow eddied between them. "You know, don't you, that there are only two answers to what became of your Mac. You must know that, in spite of your romancing about amnesia. Either he got away and he was a heel and promptly forgot you, after making love to you, or he was killed. There is no third answer."

"But if I could only know," she said. "All the rest of my life there will be times when I'll need to prove to my mind that my heart is right."

"I'll see what else I can find out at the Consulate in the morning," he promised, then he said good-night and was swallowed in the snowy night.

.

Lili, the maid, was still away with her sick sister next day, but a friend of hers came to help out, and Margrit went down to early market for her, coming home with her net bag full of celery root and potatoes and winter radishes.

There had been a telephone call for her, the girl reported, taking the bag from her, but the gentleman had left no name. Her mother had gone to lunch with her Aunt Sophie and would expect her there in the afternoon. Herr Kroller had already come home and was upstairs cleaning up for lunch.

The telephone rang as Margrit was removing her overshoes, and she hurried into the library to answer it herself. The voice on the wire was Bill's, as she had hoped.

"I called you before," he said. "An obliging fellow at the Consulate got the complete report for me. One of the three missing men was from New York."

She couldn't answer him immediately. Her throat was too full. Then she said softly, "You see?"

"I'm sorry," he said.

"Oh, no. This was the way I knew it had to be. Can you get me his address? I can write his mother and tell her that he didn't die the way they thought he did. I can tell her that he could have been interned but he preferred to risk his life to fight again. And they'll write me. Oh, Bill, I'll have something now."

There was a little silence at the other end of the wire. Then Bill said, "Funny how he could just ride off on a bicycle and vanish. There ought to be something, some clue, maybe here in Zurich . . . Could we get together this afternoon, and then have dinner?"

"I wish I could, but this is my afternoon and evening with Aunt Sophie, and I never dare not go."

"How about lunch to-morrow?"

"But your trip! You must see Lucerne, and you can't leave without seeing the mountains." She felt all at once very guilty. "Please give this up. Please drop it." Had she heard the click of the extension phone upstairs being lifted during that last sentence?

"You can't call me off a hot trail," he answered her, trying to make light of what he was doing for her. Then he said more seriously, "You know, you might, without knowing it, have a clue as to——"

"Bill," she interrupted, "I'll talk to you about it to-morrow." It wasn't like her stepfather to listen in on the extension, yet she was so sure she had heard that click. She had better put a stop to this odd-sounding conversation. She suggested a place to meet next day and the time, then she said good-bye.

She was soon convinced that she had been wrong about the extension telephone. Her stepfather's behaviour during lunch was so strange that it could not possibly be concerned with some suspected escapade of hers. His face had a waxen pallor that alarmed her. He scarcely ate anything at all, but sat smoothing his napkin over his knees and answering her efforts at conversation with monosyllables, his chin sunk down into his collar.

When she asked him anxiously if he wasn't feeling well, he answered her shortly and coldly, "Certainly I am well." He left before the dessert to return at once to his bank. Soon after that she went to her Aunt Sophie's, puzzled and worried.

.

The next morning the mist had cleared, and when Margrit took Peter out, just before going down for her engagement with Bill, her high world was filled with the dazzling brilliance of sun on snow.

In the bright light everything seemed less troubled and clearer. Her mother had gone down to spend the day sewing at a clothing centre for displaced persons, and her stepfather, who had decided suddenly to go to Basel on business for the day, had left very early. She was alone up here, and she enjoyed being alone.

Last night she had lain in the dark and cried with the stark reality of the fact that Mac had never returned to anyone, and would not return to her. But to-day she was calmer.

She slipped Peter's leash, and the Doberman bounded in the sun like a puppy. He reached the lower terrace and then went leaping up the stairs towards the doctor's house. She followed after him, swinging the leash in her hand.

That was how she happened to notice a curious thing: Gertrud, the housekeeper, was hurrying along the narrow walk at the rear of the house, carrying a covered tray.

Please turn to page 29

ALFRED



"Alfred makes productive use of each minute of the day. While you've just been wasting time, HE has already won two games of patience."

I Like Morning Glory

SALLY felt after that that it was his own fault.

Complete with hat and handbag, she suddenly appeared in the class at Briarwood gate. She was even panting.

"I missed the bus. Someone gave me a lift to that street," vaguely pointing.

Wilding looked up quickly. His face showed pleasure. How he's keen on full attendances, she thought.

Old Bob had been soundly coached, and he did his job well. He even answered questions asked by their owner about the rolled awnings that sheltered hydrangeas and azaleas from the sun and wind. He explained how even temperature was maintained in the hot-houses, and it was here the only mistake was made.

Seeing a lad standing transfixed in wonder before a purple cattleya in bloom, she went forward impulsively.

"You have it," she said, then added quickly in confusion: "You'll have it some day, I'm sure."

There was even a satisfying afternoon tea arranged on trestle tables out of doors, provided by the absent Mrs. (polite cough) and presided over by Mrs. Bob, decked out in her best. It was all very successful—until they were leaving.

Then as the group shut the gate behind them, up drove Young Bob in Mabel. Certainly, LEFT-HAND DRIVE had been painted over her title, and also S. Adams, Briarwood Nursery, now adorned her side.

The students boarded their bus. Sally stood still. Further pretence was useless, because Wilding was gazing at Mabel with as keen a scrutiny as if she'd just arrived from Mars. Finally he strode across and took her by the shoulder.

"So!" he said. "A neat little trick. Dick Adams' daughter all the time. Well, why couldn't you say so? You had to be dishonest about it just to belittle me, I suppose. Women!"

"You're hurting my shoulder," said Sally, near tears.

He released her then, and, turning, strode off to the bus without another word. She set off in the opposite direction, walking fast.

Her mind went back to the beginning. Because he didn't like women with careers, she'd pretended that Briarwood didn't exist, that horticulture was a hobby. Adams, like Morning Glory, was a common name—he'd never guess. Now he was hurt and angry.

Sally took a handkerchief and sniffed. She knew surely now that she'd never go back, she'd never see him again. She sniffed harder and turned back towards home.

Next day was Sunday, clear, bright, and special, if you were happy—a day to be out of doors. If Sally couldn't eat any breakfast, at least she could work outside. It was late autumn, the sap was down, and it was time for grafting.

She took a pruning-knife and cut the scions from the flowering cherries, apples, and plums. She tied them in neat bundles, labelling each with its name. The stock plants of common peach on to which they would be grafted were ready, row on row of tins in the potting-shed.

She started on these, cutting the wood right back until just a tapering splice remained above the root. The work was engrossing and needed all her attention.

When a shadow fell across the bench she said, "Bob, you're not to come messing round on Sundays. You do too much as it is, I'm only doing this because I'm restless," and went on splicing.

"Here," said Roger Wilding behind her. "Not that way." He leaned across and took the knife. "Besides, this is a man's job." Taking off his coat he went to work.

Sally watched him, thankful that her bib-and-brace overalls were at least an attractive color.

"Make a cleft in the stock and a tongue in the scion," he showed her, "and one fits into the other. See? That won't slip so easily!"

He bound it neatly and started on the next. "As you're here, I may as well use you," she said at length, with more self-possession than she felt, taking another knife.

"No, no. I'll cut them. You see to the grafting wax."

His big, capable hands worked swiftly and surely.

"You know, afterwards I thought how decent you were yesterday," he said presently. "I'd given this place such a build-up, the perfect small nursery, that if you hadn't stepped out of line I'd have looked very foolish. The boys would've been able to point the finger of scorn and so on, no end."

Continued from page 10

"Oh," said Sally happily. "I didn't see it that way." They worked for a long time in companionable silence. Then picking up a fresh bundle of scions he waved the label at her accusingly.

"Look at this, will you? 'Weeping Apple,' she writes. Now why not Pyrus malus pendulata if I may ask?"

"Phooey to your mouldy old names. You write that screed and you see a price ticket. I write weeping apple and I see it in the spring, limbs growing down like the ribs of a parasol, all pink and frilly with blossom."

"H'm!" He thought it over. "But you're wrong about the price ticket, you know. For the commercial side I don't give a fig!"

"Now, now, Professor. Not a common fig, a ficus surely." He laughed. "Am I as bad as all that?"

"Much, much worse."

"Well, we'll always have something to argue about," he said, winding raffia with deft fingers.

Sally painted busily. "It's a good thing I wasn't striking daphne this morning."

"Why?"

"You'd have learn the Briarwood trick with it."

"Tell me. No? Not if I humbly implore?"

"Of course not. It's a trade secret that costs poor Bill White fifteen pounds a year on your behalf."

"Fifteen pounds," he said slowly. "That's a lot of money." He briefly selected a scion to compare in diameter with the stock he'd cut. "Fifteen pounds." He laid the scion and the knife aside.

"Well, Sally, if you won't tell, there's only one thing for it. Let you and me incorporate. Besides," he added, "it's a very nice idea."

He watched her keenly as, color-high, she carefully painted wax over two more joints before saying finally:

"Well, Professor, if you'll use a smaller word for 'incorporate' I don't mind if we do."

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Wuff, Snuff & Tuff — FOR THE CHILDREN — by TIM



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QUIZ ON RHEUMATISM

Can you answer these questions?

Q. What is Rheumatism?

A. Rheumatism manifests itself in the form of a number of complaints, characterised by stiffness and pain of the joints and muscles.
Neuritis, Lumbago, Sciatica, Fibrositis and Spondylitis are different forms of Rheumatism.

The particular names refer to the part of the body which is attacked. Thus Sciatica is an affection of the sciatic nerve; Lumbago of the lumbar area in the back; Fibrositis of the muscles; Neuritis of the nerves, and so on . . .

Q. What are its causes?

A. The Rheumatic group of complaints is caused in various ways. One of the most common causes is infection by germs called streptococci. These germs release poisons which inflame the nerves and thus cause pain and stiffness in various muscles and joints, depending on the area most affected by the toxins.

Q. How does Rheumatism affect your health?

A. The joints and muscles ache, stiffen or swell. Nervous irritability follows the poisoning of the nerve tissues and is often succeeded by digestive upsets. General health and vigour are reduced by the toxic action of the invading germs. The body's resistance to disease is lowered, both by the poisons themselves and by fatigue resulting from loss of sleep due to pain and to the general nervous upset.

Q. Can Rheumatism be successfully treated?

A. Provided your Rheumatism is of the common type caused by germ infection, it is possible not only to treat it successfully, but to build up immunity (which may last for years) against further attacks. Such benefits have been obtained by thousands of former sufferers who have used the modern, dissolved, oral vaccine—Lantigen 'C.' This method is simple and convenient. You just take a few drops of the vaccine in water, by mouth, at bedtime. There are no injections, no pain, and the treatment is absolutely safe even for young people or invalids. The recommended treatment costs only 3½d. a day.

Real hope for those with Rheumatism!

Lantigen 'C' provides a great measure of hope for sufferers from germ-caused rheumatic complaints. It is most important, of course, that your condition should be correctly diagnosed. Your doctor is the best qualified to make such a diagnosis.

When, however, the disorder is diagnosed as one of the germ-caused rheumatic group, then Lantigen 'C,' taken in accordance with directions, will bring you the relief you seek.

Lantigen 'C' is specially prepared by highly skilled bacteriologists, under medical supervision, to combat the germs which have infected you, by stimulating the production of "antibodies" in the system.

These "antibodies" are the natural antidotes to the germ poisons which they counteract and neutralise. As the poisonous conditions are overcome you will benefit not only by relief from pain, but as a natural consequence your general health will be improved. For example—you will sleep better. Your appetite and digestion will improve. You will feel more vigorous and generally well again.

You could not do better, therefore, than to commence treating your rheumatic condition with Lantigen 'C,' which has been proved so very successful by so many, many people for more than a decade.

Lantigen 'C'—Treats First, then Immunises.

Ask your chemist to-day for

Lantigen 'C'

THE DISSOLVED ORAL VACCINE

For Rheumatism, Neuritis, Lumbago, Fibrositis, Spondylitis.

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And Then He Went Away

OBVIOUSLY, Gertrud was taking lunch to someone in the garden house, and it couldn't be Dr. Ruegg. To-day, and until late to-morrow, he would be in the clinic in Basel. There must be a guest, but why in that little, unheated house? It was very odd.

Margrit watched Gertrud stride along, a dumpy figure in her black dress and black sweater, her grey hair screwed into a knot. The housekeeper was Lilli's aunt. They came from a Romansh village and spoke the old, nearly Latin tongue together. They were both saving money for a dowry for Lilli, and Margrit's stepfather kindly handled their small investments.

Gertrud sometimes came to their house to consult him, standing red-faced, twisting her hands in her apron, in vast awe and admiration of the distinguished "Herr Banker."

Now Gertrud opened the door of the garden house and disappeared inside. The house was an oblong structure of weathered siding on a high foundation. The shutters of the three windows, two at the front and one at the side directly facing the Kroller chalet, were closed. This was a further mystery, if someone was inside.

Just then Peter came back to her, and Margrit dismissed the mystery from her mind as she took him back home, then set out again.

The restaurant in which Margrit had asked Bill to meet her was a favorite of hers, not far from the modern, busy Bahnhoffstrasse, but in the picturesque, medieval part of the city. The food was good and sometimes they had wonderful hasenpfeffer and gnocchi. There were heavy leather curtains inside the door to preserve the precious heat, and it was dim and smoky and serene with age.

"He goes away on his bicycle, and then there's a stone wall," Bill said, as he put a piece of black bread on his fork and dipped it in the rich brown sauce of the hasenpfeffer. "If only we had some clue as to the man he was going to see in Zurich. Can't you think of any?"

"No, not any. I told you Mac had given his word not to tell anyone where he was going." Margrit pushed her heavy hair back from her forehead. "You can understand that."

"Sure. Only . . ."

She watched the absorbed look on his face, the look of someone who liked to pit his mind against problems, who had a passion for finding out about things. "He asked for a map of Zurich and the environs and took it with him. That was all," she said.

When they had finished their lunch they stepped out into cold, clear air. The streets here were narrow, no more than lanes, some of them. The houses, too, were narrow, with steep, pointed roofs and Gothic windows.

"Wouldn't you like to walk a little?" Margrit suggested. "This is an interesting part of the city. It's the old Zurich, dating back to the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries."

"Let's." He put on his cap. "These houses really get me," he said, his face suddenly alight and eager. "They're perfect examples of the guild period. Any minute an apprentice in jerkin and hose is going to come out of one of those doors with a lantern on a pole!"

"You know all about the period, don't you?" She looked up at him curiously.

He took her arm, and they walked down the canyon of the street.

"Margrit, I'll tell you something. Some day I'm going to be the world's greatest architect. Don't tell anybody. But what I'm going to build is cheap modern housing, where kids can grow up straight and not twisted like these streets, and where——"

"Bill, it was here!" She stopped still, and he had to jerk her out of the way of a passing cart.

"What was here? Just now it was the place you nearly got killed."

She was so excited that she felt her knees going weak, as she tried to describe the picture that had come with such flashing vividness into her mind.

It was that night at Aunt Annell's, and she was finishing up the dishes. Mac was sitting at the table, his head bent over the map she had given him, his bronze-colored hair shining under the light. She walked by him to the cupboard, and his finger was moving along the map in the centre of a net of crowded and crooked lines. That could only be this particular section of the city!

"But what does that help?" The sudden warmth of discovery began ebbing bleakly from her blood. "I can't knock at every door, asking if they ever saw him!"

"No, you can't," Bill agreed. "But we can walk all through this section, and maybe something else will click in your mind. You see, you've just discovered you actually knew one thing that you would have sworn you didn't know."

They walked up and down, street after little street, across ancient, cobblestoned squares, talking scarcely at all. Margrit felt like a child playing a game of "warm . . . warmer . . ."

(Which of these streets did you walk down, Mac? At which heavy door did you knock?)

They walked until lengthening shadows found them on a short, dogleg street. Before the house at the end, Margrit suddenly checked her steps. She stopped before her mind had time to make clear to her why she must halt.

The house before her was four stories high, with a square oriel window at the top. There was a small courtyard at the left, with a bicycle carefully padlocked, leaning against the wall.

"Look! That's my uncle's bicycle," she said.

"How can you tell?" But Bill had stopped, too, and he walked over to the wheel.

Continued from page 27

"It's an English bicycle and so was his. I broke the mudguard once, just like that, trying to ride it. Three spokes were replaced with string, too, when I gave it to Mac."

"You don't say!" Bill whistled.

An old woman with a bucket she had filled at the fountain on the square came hobbling up just then and started into the house.

"I beg your pardon," Margrit addressed her. "Can you tell us to whom that bicycle belongs?"

"To Herr Van Hoogen, the Dutch painter on the top floor."

"Has he lived there long?"

"Two or three years." The woman regarded them suspiciously.

IN an undertone, Bill murmured, "Tell her we're calling on him." He reached for the old woman's bucket and he carried it up to the second floor, where she left them. Then the two of them climbed up the steep, dark stairs and rapped on the door at the top floor.

The door was opened by a squat, middle-aged man with a scalp bare as an egg. He held his head to one side, looking like a dusty owl. Behind him was a cluttered room with canvases stacked against the peeling walls.

"Come in, come in," he insisted. "If you've come to see my paintings, I'm afraid the light—"

"We want to inquire where you got your bicycle," Margrit said.

"My bicycle?" The bare brow corrugated into wrinkles. "I found it in a second-hand shop when I was wandering around one day, but I'm afraid I've forgotten the place." He spoke in a squeaky, fussy little voice. "Dear me, I hope it hadn't been stolen!"

"I rather think it was," Margrit said. "I think it belonged to my uncle."

The Dutchman expressed distress. But surely one bicycle was like another and it would be hard to prove ownership. He should hate to lose his bicycle; he could scarcely afford a new one. Everything was so dear, and he rambled on until somehow he had got them in the room and was showing his pictures.

They were very bad paintings—banal Dutch canals, windmills, and cottages.

"Painted from memory," the artist said. He had been in Switzerland when the war began, he explained. His family had been wiped out "in the crime of Rotterdam," and he had not been able to bring himself to return to his own country. He wanted to remember it as it was. He talked on, with the urgency of a lonely man, and they had a hard time getting away from him at last.

At the door, Bill wheeled around. He reached out with startling suddenness and seized the Dutchman by his thick shoulders.

"What happened to the American who came here on the bicycle?" he demanded, and he gave him a violent shake.

The little painter squeaked with fright, shaking himself free from Bill's grasp. Whether he had understood all of Bill's queer German or not, he had got the word American.

"American! Nein, nein I know no American. No American!" he protested, backing away in alarm.

NOTHING more was forthcoming, so Bill and Margrit went back down the stairs and into the shadowy street.

"He was too Dutch!" Margrit cried. "Too very, very Dutch. Oh, Bill, suppose that Mac was misdirected, and what he found was not help but an enemy—enemies. And because he had stumbled on to something he had to be got rid of——"

"That's fantastic," he said.

"Nothing's fantastic in a war. Nothing too ugly to believe. You wouldn't know that in America! Oh, Bill!"

"Don't, Margrit," he said gently. "He wanted so much to get home." Margrit leaned her elbows on the kitchen table. She had taken Bill home with her, and they were in the kitchen because it was warm there. Lilli's friend couldn't stay to prepare supper, so they were all alone in the house. "He wanted so to get back to America. Of course I know all American boys do."

Bill said nothing, fumbling in his pocket for his cigarettes.

"He wanted baseball again, juke boxes and ice-cream, and he wanted to come home again on an autumn night and smell apple pie. He wanted to drive his car, take it apart and put it together again."

"Yes, you told me. Everybody in America has a car." Bill pushed back his chair and got to his feet, dodging the bright copper pans on the wall behind him. "I seem to be out of cigarettes."

"There are some in the library, I'm sure," she told him. "If you don't mind looking for them."

Fading light came dimly through the long double windows of the library. Bill Anthony switched on the squat desk lamp, but he didn't look for the cigarettes. He stood there with his fingers clasped together at the base of his neck. The clock in the hall sounded. "Cuckoo, cuckoo," five times.

"You took the words right out of my mouth," he said.

Very well, face it. You're falling in love with her, and what will that get you? Only a busted travel itinerary. Lucerne traded for a pair of grey eyes with a lovely young lost-princess look.

And he had certainly done it! Helped to prove that the man she loved had disappeared and not merely forgotten her. Vanished, trailing clouds of glory, leaving her all the beauty of a life that might have been.

Her dream-filled eyes hated ugliness. Could he ask her to turn from her dream and look at—what? His own heritage? . . . Halstead Street, Chicago, and black poverty. A father-in-law whose adopted country had let him down and killed him, and a mother-in-law who had died with her hands still roughened by bitter struggle. Died before her son could become—before he could give her—

There was a cigarette-box on the desk and he shut off this line of thinking by reaching in it and drawing out a package.

How I hate that guy, he thought. He was jealous of a man who was dead. Dead and yet still more real, he knew, to Margrit Kroller than he himself was.

Detail by detail, she had made her Mac live for him until he felt that he would know him on the street. He could see him getting out of his car and going into his apartment building with a wave of his hand to the doorman. Doormen would like him, he would have a friendly ease with them that came from his gay and careless years of growing up.

He rode with him up to the apartment on the fifteenth floor, where the lights of New York, away and below, were lit like candles on the altar of the good life. He could smell the subtle, mingled odors of waxed furniture, flowers in low bowls, and apple pie.

Apple pie! Bill stood with the cigarette shaking in his hand. No third answer to what became of your Mac, he had told Margrit, and now suddenly one was taking shape in his mind.

He must have been standing there very still, bending above the desk, his back to the window. He must have been an excellent target for the shot that came crashing through the glass behind him.

To be continued

What's on your mind?

Patient's praise for almoners

WHAT concerns an almoner mostly is the human side of every case that comes before her. As a former patient, I would like to mention some of the work an almoner has to do.

As soon as a doctor decides a case is a suitable one for treatment, either as an in-patient or out-patient, the almoner's work begins.

The doctor may have prescribed rest and good food for a patient. The almoner must know all the ways and means by which this treatment can be followed.

Often inquiries into home circumstances reveal heartrending trouble, bravely borne by the patient. The almoner does what she can to assist, working side by side with doctors, nurses, and sometimes Government departments. Her work is rarely mentioned, but is appreciated by the patients she has helped.

£1 to Mrs. R. Allen, 278 Glen Osmond Rd., Fullarton Estate, S.A.

READERS are invited to write to this column, expressing their opinions on current events. Address your letters, which should not exceed 250 words in length, to "What's On Your Mind?" c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, at the address given at the top of page 17. All letters must bear the full name and address of the writer, and only in exceptional circumstances will letters be published above pen-names.

Payment of £1 will be made for first letter used, and 5/- for others.

The editor cannot enter into any correspondence with writers to this column, and unused letters cannot be returned.

Letters published do not necessarily express the views of The Australian Women's Weekly.

Rural life

MUCH has been written about the cost of living in cities and towns. But I like country life, and this is why. The rent of houses is cheaper, and often houses are easier to find. Cost of living is lower, and firewood is obtainable cheaply.

We usually grow our own vegetables, run a few hens, and a cow. This completely eliminates all milk, butter, and egg worries.

To be fair, we also have our worries. In our special district there is no electricity, the roads are muddy in winter, work is harder in many cases, and wages are not always high.

But with so many compensations, I can't see why people refuse to leave the cities for work in the country.

5/- to Mary Smith, Calder, Tas.

Up the pole

THIS pole-sitting business makes one wonder just what things are coming to. If one wishes to purchase even a small quantity of timber the answer is "no."

Yet platforms are erected to let two or three individuals sit up there for a wager.

Nails, staples, and rope are all in short supply, yet they were available for the pole-sitting business.

It makes one think that more



people than the pole-sitters are "up the pole."

5/- to Mrs. E. O'Brien, 138 Timor St., Warrnambool, Vic.

Loud-speaker system

COMING from Brisbane, I would like to mention a system that is used on the interstate and country platforms.

Microphones are placed on all the platforms, and people can have messages broadcast over them. This not only helps the person who is unable to meet the train, but also assists people to find their friends who may be lost in the crowd.

5/- to Mrs. R. Carpenter, 107 Wilson St., Newtown, N.S.W.

Teacher's opinion

AS a schoolteacher, I would like to express an opinion on an important subject.

Parents who demand that their child should be promoted to a higher class, when the teacher considers a second year in the same class is necessary, may be doing their child harm.

The teacher may feel that promotion is unwise, if a child is young, or has found the year's work difficult.

A child who is promoted when very young often feels out of it with his older classmates. Also a child who has found his work difficult during the year will naturally find the work in a higher class much harder.

So, parents, don't wreck your child's career by pushing him.

5/- to E. B. Thomas, 18 Main St., Stawell, Vic.

Ideal home

HOW many of our words are overworked these days, in being applied in the wrong sense?

The two words "ideal home" for instance. Houses can certainly be built and furnished to an ideal plan, but the ideal home is not a concrete, material thing.

It cannot be established by an ideal garden-path leading to an ideal doorway.

The ideal home may evolve in a split log hut, or a shabby old house, minus electric light or water supply.

5/- to Gertrude A. Beesley, 169 Hoddle St., West Richmond, Vic.

Clear view

HAVING heard the road-safety caution "Do not burrow under umbrellas," I wondered why umbrellas are not made from transparent plastic. We already have a few plastics in different colors, but we could shelter from the rain under a transparent umbrella and see what was ahead.

5/- to Lorraine Haley, 228 Ballarat Rd., Footscray, Vic.

★ HILLCASTLE HAIR PENCIL quickly removes traces of grey hair — simple to use — lasts and lasts — 7 Colours. ★

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PADRE KINGSLEY PARTRIDGE (left) with prospector George Shinnock, near Innamincka, during long patrol which is being filmed.



ON BORDER of N.S.W. and Queensland, the Crane family see their first motion-picture camera in action. The unit will spend six months in Central Australia.



DESERT GRIMNESS. The [illegible] flowers [illegible]

Padre meets his flock on 60[illegible]

Film unit records life of the inland and work of Mission

A motor truck bumping its way over bush tracks through the heart of Central Australia carries Padre Kingsley Partridge, of the Australian Inland Mission, on his usual 6000-mile patrol.

WITH him this time are travelling members of a film unit—John Kingsford Smith, director of Kingcroft Films, cameraman Gordon Gibson, and their equipment.

They are making a film, sponsored by the Mission, called "Mantle of Safety," in which the stars and the background are the people and scenery of the outback.

Some months ago, two partners and former servicemen, Lloyd Ravenscroft and John Kingsford Smith, formed a film company to make documentary and educational films. They engaged another serviceman, Gordon Gibson, as their cameraman.

"We guarantee that there will not be a foot of fake in the film, as the A.I.M.'s object is to present the inland and its people as they are," said Mr. C. P. Hughes, General Secretary of the A.I.M.

"Then we wish to show the amenities being brought to those people by the Mission — the work of the nurses in the hospitals, the Sunday Schools, the welfare work of the padres on patrol, with bush baptisms, marriages, even burial services (some of which are undertaken by the bush nurses).

"Welfare officers run miniature Y.M.C.A. clubs, and our ambulance service, run by a panel of voluntary drivers, is available at all times."

A special musical background for the film is to be composed by John Antill and will be recorded by a large orchestra conducted by the composer.



SISTERS WALTERS (left) AND COOK, of the A.I.M. Hostel at Innamincka, do a splinting job on leg of fowl brought in by a settler.



A THIRST QUENCHER for the Padre [illegible] make a cup for the cool [illegible]



IAN HOTCHINS, little son of an inland settler, is well protected from the flies.



LLOYD RAVENSCROFT, business manager of Kingcroft Films, examines films sent from unit to Sydney.



THE BETTS FAMILY watch Padre repairing the portable wireless carried by the unit. Pedal wireless is installed in nursing-homes and settlers' homes.



JOHN KINGSFORD SMITH turns from job of film director to that of barber and cuts the Padre's hair during stay at Corner Post.



CAMERAMAN GIBSON [illegible] thousand feet of film [illegible]

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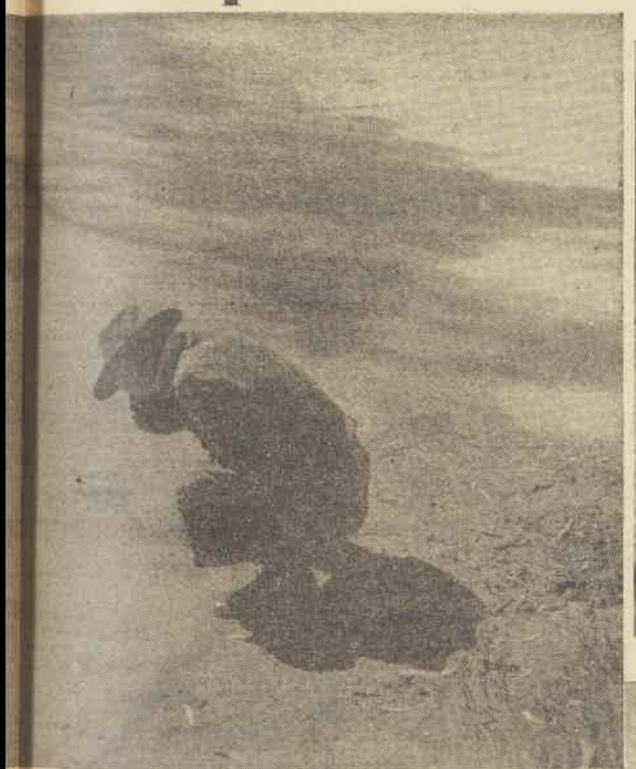


e boy of a drought-starved cow round which everlasting
rt grew after rain that came too late.

00-mile patrol



FRIENDLY TALK given by the Padre to the children of the school at Tibooburra. White children and aborigines are fellow pupils. Padre took over patrol from Rev. Bruce Plowman with original team of five camels.





ETERNAL HOPE holds the inland prospector as he works his dry-blower. The feature-length film will show the ordinary life of the inland people as seen by the Padre on his regular patrols in the outback.

rom a Waterhole in Central Australia when his hands
er which means so much to the inland people.





ous famous tree called after explorer Burke. Five
be black and white, eight hundred in 16m.m. color.

TYPICAL OUTBACK SCENERY in Australia's desert lands can be seen from the approach to the settlement of Tibooburra. Sometimes the film unit camps out, sometimes its members are guests of one of the many hospitals and hostels controlled by the A.I.M.

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Continuing . . . Portrait of the Widow

HARDLY waiting, Elise replied, "No, Sam, I'd rather not. Thanks, though."

"I've got to." His voice was stubborn and serious. "I've got to, Elise."

Downstairs, Nellie carefully put the receiver down. Her excited little eyes glowed with pleasure. "Who says she isn't playing around?" she whispered triumphantly to herself.

The next day Thelma telephoned Margaret Owens. "Know who came in on the eleven-o'clock plane?" she demanded.

"Who?"

"Sam Kittridge."

"Oh, dear!" Margaret's voice was anxious. "Elise asked my Dilly over for the afternoon, and I've promised she could go. I can't very well ring Elise and say I heard she was going to be otherwise occupied, but she's probably wondering how she can get out of having Dilly, herself, by now. Well, I'll have to work it out somehow. The trouble is, Dilly's got the most terrific passion for her. There'll be a row!"

"Well, just say Dilly's sick, or something."

"I'll have to."

But when she turned from the phone her eyes were troubled. She was just starting up the stairs when Dilly came down.

Dilly was not a pretty child, and she had a front tooth missing. She wore her hair in somewhat lank pigtails. But she had good, rebellious, dark eyes and a stubborn little chin. She had put on her best dress, an embroidered jumper affair with a peasant blouse. "I'm ready," she announced, and the battle royal began.

In the end there was a compromise. She could go, but if Mrs. Terrance had visitors, or she seemed to be in the way, she must come home at once. So Dilly, her eyes a little red from weeping, jumped on her bicycle and flew off down the road in a passion of eager haste.

"Is she here, Nellie?" she asked anxiously at the door.

"Yes, Dilly. In the drawing-room."

And there stood this tall man smoking a pipe and looking angry and baffled. Dilly's little heart pounded with apprehension and disappointment.

"Hello, Dilly," said Elise. "I'm so glad you came . . . Dilly, this is Sam."

"Hello, Dilly," Sam said.

"Are you visitors?" Dilly asked fearfully. "I can't stay if there's visitors."

Elise's eyes were abruptly more grey than blue, and very still.

"Certainly not. I'm part of the family," Sam said promptly.

"Is your name Terrance?" Dilly asked doubtfully.

"No—Kittridge. But I'm part of the family all the same."

"I know. You came on the plane," Dilly said. "Can we play Uncle Wiggly?"

So nearly all the afternoon they played games, and Sam played with them and was very nice to Dilly. At the last, Dilly sat on Elise's lap while Sam read "The King of the Golden River." Then it was time to go home.

At the door Elise stooped and put her arms round her. "Thank you for coming, darling Dilly!" she whispered.

Dilly kissed her hard and went off on her bicycle, her small face lighted, making one feel that perhaps this ugly duckling would some day be a swan, after all.

"I was beginning to think you'd left the Owens' forever!" her mother greeted her. "Don't tell me there were no visitors."

"No. Just Sam. He's part of the family," Dilly said. "He played games with us."

Up Margaret's face went a surge of color, but she only told Dilly a little sharply to get herself ready for tea . . .

Back in the room Dilly had left, Sam Kittridge said, "Well, that was a very canny and cruel evasion, Elise."

"It was neither canny nor cruel," she said. "I'd asked her to come. I hadn't asked you."

"All right. I apologise. Nice kid. I didn't really mind . . . But you shouldn't have been angry with me for coming, Elise. I had to. Look here; I've played it your way, haven't I? All the same, you've known I loved you, from the beginning."

"Yes, Sam, I've known."

"And for all you've kept me at arm's length, I think you love me. Do you, Elise?"

"Yes, I do," she said. "But I wish you hadn't come, Sam. Not now."

"I didn't think you cared about gossip. I'll wait, if you want it that way. But not long."

"Sam, I'm not asking you to wait. I don't know whether I could ever marry you. But not now—I do know that."

"Why not?"

"I have things to do here that will keep me busy a long time. I have to get the plant going successfully."

"I could help you with that."

"No, Sam. It's something I must do."

"And after that?" he insisted.

from page 7

She put out her hands in a small gesture of helplessness. "Sam, you've never lived in a place like this. Everybody loved Bob, you see. Everybody. They—they all think it was my fault. I don't know why I should care, but I do. I find I care very much. I want to live, too. But I must try first. I suppose it's no use, but I must try."

"Try what? You won't change human nature, Elise. Though there's an easy enough way to make them change their opinion."

"No," she said firmly . . .

On Monday morning Elise drove out to the plant, went into the manager's office, and asked him to call the heads together. "I would like to know how things stand," she said carefully.

It seemed things were about as bad as could be.

"We've tried to hang on for Mr. Terrance's sake," MacDermott, the manager, said, "but we're in pretty deep."

"How deep?"

"Over ten thousand."

"I'll put in the money," she said calmly. "I'll be here every morning from now on, and I'll want to have a complete report on every department . . . Mr. Devon, perhaps you'd see me to-morrow morning?"

After she had gone out MacDermott began to swear, quietly but steadily.

"What's eating you?" Devon said. "It's a godsend, isn't it? We're out of the mess."

"Yes, but where'd she get the ten thousand? Insurance! What the devil was he carrying that much insurance for when he was trying like a crazy man to scrape money together for this place? She's just putting the money in because she sees it's a good thing, and she doesn't want to lose her bread and butter. But she had to wait till he was dead to raise a finger."

The word got around fast.

"Well, I hear Elise has taken the plant over, lock, stock, and barrel," Bill said to Jim on the train.

"Yes. So I hear."

"I heard from a friend of MacDermott's that she's put ten thousand in. Insurance, they said. That's a big insurance."

"It wasn't insurance," Jim said. "I happen to know Bob didn't carry insurance."

"What the——!"

"Jane thinks she got it from Sam Kittridge. Don't repeat that, though; it's women's gossip."

"I don't believe it," Bill protested. "Elise may snub the crowd, but she wouldn't do that."

"Well, it doesn't seem to make it any better if she had it all the time, does it? I'd rather think Kittridge chipped in . . ."

Elise went to the office every morning. "You have to admit she's got a head on her," Devon said after a few weeks. "She's picked up the essentials pretty fast."

"Yes, a head to look after Mrs. Terrence," MacDermott growled.

"It doesn't hurt the business," Devon said.

When Elise came home at one-thirty, Flora always had lunch ready for her. She rested for a while in the afternoon, but one day a man came to interrupt her rest, a stranger.

When Elise went down he sat in a straight chair near the fire. He looked stiff and ill at ease, though he was plainly a man of substance and intelligence.

"I'm Philip Gardiner, of Tukes, Browne, and Gardiner's legal firm," he said. "Mrs. Terrance, I'm here on behalf of a client who is determined to put in a claim against your husband's estate. We didn't want to take the case, but it developed that she was prepared to do some pretty drastic blackmailing if we didn't."

She had not seated herself, but stood facing him. "You needn't beat about the bush," she said. "Just what sort of a claim is it?"

"A Miss Dolly Durkin, who is about to have a child, claims that your husband is the father of this child. She has letters to prove it, and she says he promised to see through and educate the child. It seems, or so she states, that he had been supporting her for about two years, and very well. What she can do legally I don't quite know as yet, but she could certainly give you some very unpleasant publicity . . . I'm sorry, Mrs. Terrance."

Elise continued to look at him directly, and he grew a little pale with the strain of meeting her steady gaze. He was sincerely embarrassed.

"Very well," she said at last. "I will give whatever she asks for. It will not come from the estate, for there is no estate. Do you want it now, Mr. Gardiner?"

"Oh, no. I would want a release from her. I will let you know . . . And may I say how much I admire the way you have taken this? I very much dreaded the interview."

"It's quite all right. I knew. Not about the baby, but about Miss Durkin."

He bowed himself out, still embarrassed. It wasn't till he was in the street again that he really took in two words she had said. "No estate?" he said incredulously. "No estate!"

.

Dilly came almost every Saturday for her mother hadn't the heart to withhold from her this one gesture of friendship. One afternoon Dilly said softly, "I like to come here. It makes me feel—pretty." Elise laughed and said, "Don't get too pretty, darling. I don't like people too pretty."

One day a wire came saying, "Arriving Monday 1.30. Miranda Wicks."

Elise stared at the telegram and then went to tell Flora and Nellie. "Mr. Terrance's mother is coming on Monday. We'll have a late lunch," she said.

"Her!" Flora said to herself with a little snort. "Well, she'll company for you, anyway. She's got lots of fun in her."

Miranda Wicks had, indeed, a lot of fun in her. She was Bob's stepmother. She dyed her hair a brilliant red, and went in for purples and bright greens and a good many rings. She had married three times and was looking forward to another venture if one came her way, as it doubtless would. She had been ill at the time of Bob's death.

She arrived at noon instead of one-thirty, burst out of a taxi, arguing good-naturedly about the fare, asked the taxi man to bring her numerous bags and hatboxes in for her, and embraced Elise with gusto.

"Didn't come to condole with you or anything, Elise!" she said in her loud, clear voice. "Just wanted to sit in the lap of luxury a while. Glad to see there's some luxury left. Didn't know whether Bob had cleaned you out!"

At lunch, Miranda talked incessantly, laughing heartily at her own jokes.

"Well, what shall we do for fun, child?" she said at length. "I don't suppose we can be riotous, but I never was one to mourn. Where are all those nice girls I met here before? They took me to the cleaner's on bridge, but I'm better at it now. I'd like to get my revenge!"

Elise hesitated only an instant before she said, "I'll ask them over."

Surprisingly, Thelma and Margaret came. They remembered Miranda very well, for no one could very well forget her. They had laughed at her a little, but they had liked her, too.

At first the party went reasonably well. Miranda Wicks did all the talking. But towards the end of the afternoon Miranda said, "Now, I hope you girls'll see that Elise marries again, and soon. We aren't made to live alone, I've always said. And she deserves a good one next time, after putting up with Bob all these years!"

Please turn to page 34

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Gardener finds quick way to heal

CUTS AND SCRATCHES



I'm chief gardener in our family and do quite a nice job, even if I do say so myself! And, like most gardeners, I consider cuts and scratches all in the day's work.

Last week I caught my hand on a blade of the lawnmower. "I'll give you some Rexona for that right away" my neighbour said. "You don't want any complications."



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THELMA lifted her head angrily, and the sharp green eyes saw the movement. Miranda chuckled and said genially, "Oh, I know Bob, if he was my stepson! Don't know how Elise stood him, as a matter of fact. Weak as water!"

Thelma stood up abruptly. "Bob was the nicest man any of us ever knew," she said sharply. "I'll have to go now, Elise."

Margaret made her departure, too, though less abruptly.

Miranda pushed the red hair back from her wide forehead and said, "What was all that? You don't mean to tell me his neighbors haven't seen through Bob in all this time?"

"They liked him very much," Elise said with difficulty.

"Well, you ought to get out of such a stupid community, then. Oh, Bob had charm enough—I suppose that was the trouble with him. He certainly didn't have much else. Never could refuse anyone anything. Well, he's gone, and I suppose I did speak a little lightly of the dead . . . You never wrote me exactly what happened. Was it his heart?"

Elise said tiredly, "He shot himself through the head."

There was a little shocked silence.

"Well, that doesn't surprise me," Miranda Wicks said then, but more soberly. "Never could stand up to life even as a kid . . . What was it this time?"

"It was everything, Miranda. Just life."

Miranda frowned a little. "Everything, eh?" she said then. "Women, I suppose. And money. For a boy with no particular ability, he always did have an unholy pride about money." She chuckled with returning warmth, and went on, "But not so much he wouldn't marry it. I'm surprised you've hung on to it, but good for you that you have, child!"

Portrait of the Widow

"I haven't hung on to so much," Elise said. "He—he always wanted me to have so much, so many things."

"I know. I know. But bought with your money, to bolster up his pride. Oh, I knew him through and through, child. Look here; you didn't love him, did you?"

"At first I did," Elise said.

"Well, why do you let those girls get away with thinking him an angel?"

"I don't know. It's just that you can't tear down anyone like that. You can't, Miranda."

"They could, I'll bet! . . . Thought he'd built up quite a plant. Didn't that go right?"

"Yes, in the beginning it did."

"I suppose you financed it?"

"Yes, but I didn't mind that. Oh, Miranda, I don't know if I was wrong or what. He wanted it to be his own. He—he had some idea that he wanted to have a bigger fortune than mine. He was proud, in his way, Miranda. But the money began to go so fast, and I said I wouldn't put any more into it. I thought he ought to do it himself, after the start. Perhaps I expected too much from him."

"Humph!" Miranda said with a little snort. "He wanted all the success without the effort. Always did. He was always better at borrowing money than making it, Bob was . . . What was that blush for? Borrow from your friends?"

"He tried to. Some wealthy friends in the country. I don't know about here."

"Some wealthy friends in the country! The crowd he was trying to have you toady to the last time I was here! . . . You know, I think I'll have a quiet little chat with that Margaret Owens and tell her a few plain truths."

"Oh, no, Miranda! No, please don't. It may be a pride as false on my side as Bob's was false on his—I don't know. But I can't do it. I've known them all a long time, I've always thought they were my friends. If they've known me so little, I suppose I ought not to care, but I do."

Miranda's green eyes twinkled mockingly.

"Elise, you listen to a tough old girl who's been around. The kind of people you know are never friends with a beautiful woman. There's very little you can do about jealousy. It comes out of small people, and you can't make small people big. If these people don't know you now, they never will."

"You're probably right, only I can't seem to give up hoping."

"It's a stone wall, child. I know what I'm talking about, because I know exactly when I stopped climbing and started to be myself. Some people turn up their noses at me because I'm a gaudy old bird, and laugh too much. But I don't care, not any more. I always find someone of my own kind. Your kind's harder to find, because it's pretty rare. But you could find real friends if you wanted to."

Miranda stayed several weeks, but they didn't go out again. Miranda heard about Sam Kittridge, of course. "He sounds like the real goods," she told Elise. "I hope you'll marry him." But she didn't urge the matter, and when she moved on she said warmly, "You're a fool, child, but I'm for you!"

The winter slipped past and nothing happened. There were letters almost every day from Sam Kittridge, sometimes wires, but he didn't come again. "It's up to you to tell me when you want me," he said.

She did not tell him to come. But nothing happened, other than an occasional meeting with Margaret, and an occasional afternoon with Dilly. Margaret seemed to make an effort to be friendly, but there was always a troubled reserve in her eyes. The others frankly ignored her . . .

Continued from page 32

It was spring when one day Tom Owens came back from a business trip. He said to Margaret, "I heard the queerest story while I was away. About Bob Terrance. It doesn't make sense, but the fellow who told me wasn't the kind to go around spreading gossip. He was a friend of Sam Kittridge's, and Sam's the Number One boy away there."

"Well, tell me," Margaret said impatiently.

"He said Bob went to Kittridge and offered to divorce Elise if Kittridge would settle a quarter of a million on him. Kittridge kicked him out of the house. The fellow who told me was staying with Kittridge at the time. What's more, he said Kittridge seemed to know Terrance was keeping another woman somewhere, on Elise's money, and he told him what he thought of that. Terrance didn't deny it, only said that he wanted to marry the someone . . . Would you have believed that of Bob?"

Margaret sat there, a little stiff and frightened.



"Oh, all right, listen a while, but don't get any ideas about joinin' them."

"I don't know," she said at last. "I wouldn't have once, but I don't know, Tom. I'm afraid I've felt for a long time that we might be wrong. You see, Dilly's always liked Elise so. I think I've felt that she might have better judgment than I . . . Oh, Tom, I don't like to think of what we've done to Elise."

The next day the foursome met at Polly Worthington's house, and Margaret told them.

It was a shock, and at first they were indignantly incredulous. But Margaret said, "It's true, girls. I happen to know it's true," in a voice that quieted them by its conviction.

They broke up rather early, to go home and spread the news.

Thelma made the first move. She phoned Elise and said, "Listen, Elise; how long are you going to snub all your friends? We've let you go your own way for months, but really, it's bad to coop yourself up and never see anybody. How about Friday for lunch?"

"Thanks, Thelma. I'm not sure. I'll let you know in the morning," Elise said slowly.

She went to Thelma's, and the women were friendly, fluttering around her as if she had come back from a long journey, and they had all been longing to see her. All but Margaret, who could not bring herself all that afternoon to look directly at Elise.

Next, Polly invited her to go for a drive, then Jane Learning called and asked Elise over for cocktails, but that time Elise said she was busy. It was Saturday and she'd invited Dilly for dinner. Only Margaret hadn't made any new gesture of friendship.

Then one afternoon Margaret came and found Elise in the garden. "Hello, Elise," she said.

"Oh, hello. Aren't the roses heavenly?"

"Yes, they're lovely. You've always had a beautiful garden," Margaret said. "Elise, I didn't come to talk about the garden. I came to apologise, and it comes hard to me."

"About what?" Elise asked gravely.

"About everything. I've judged you pretty severely, and I was wrong. I'm sorry, but I know that doesn't make up for all of it."

"Wrong about what?" Elise said.

"About Bob. We all thought he was wonderful—that you were extravagant and played around, and all that; that you treated him badly. Now we know otherwise. We know about Bob's trying to get a quarter of a million from Kittridge in return for divorcing you, and other things, too."

"In return for a divorce?" Elise repeated.

"Yes, we know all about it. And we know Bob wasn't what we thought him."

"So that's it," Elise said. "That's why the girls have been friendly lately. They had to have proof, didn't they?"

"Yes, I'm afraid we did," Margaret said. "I don't think, if I were in your shoes, I'd forgive us either. But I'm sorry, and I'm ashamed, and I had to tell you so."

"It's all right. Forget it," Elise said gently.

"No, I won't ever forget it," Margaret said with deep soberness . . .

That night Elise Terrance wrote a letter to Sam Kittridge. "I will marry you whenever you like," she said. "I love you so very much Sam, darling, and I feel suddenly as if I've been wasting precious time. It will be so good to be with someone who is always himself.

"You see, Sam, I've just found out that what I was waiting for wasn't worth waiting for at all. Faith—well, it's just there, or it isn't there. You can't give injections of faith . . . So I am yours, Sam, whenever you want me."

.

Thelma Weare said: "Well, it was pretty low-down of her not to ask us to the wedding. After all, we are her oldest friends here, and we rallied round her after Bob died . . . I think I'll send her something, though. After all, the Kittridges are the Kittridges!"

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Too Marvellous

THERE was a girl—you well may smile—
Who came to stay with us awhile,
And she was very pretty, too;
Her hair was fair, her eyes were blue.
Her manners were beyond reproach,
She never wore a cameo brooch;
But though she didn't talk a lot,
There was one phrase that she had got:
Invariably, as thank-you, plus,
She used these words: "Too marvellous!"

If I should take her to a show,
It was "Too marvellous!" you know.
I walked with her all day for miles,
"Too marvellous!" she said, with smiles.
And when I danced with her all night,
"Too marvellous!" came in delight.
No matter what I said or did,
"Too marvellous!" exclaimed this kid.
I even took her on a bus,
And that, too, was "Too marvellous!"

In fact, she was so sweet and kind,
Well educated and refined,
Her ways were all such pleasant ways,
She made my days such happy days,
That presently, as I aver,
I had to fall in love with her:
And when I asked her if she'd wed,
Believe me, truly, what she said,
(And that without the slightest fuss),
Was, as before: "Too marvellous!"

We're married now. Sans any trouble
We've managed to produce a double—
The sweetest twins, both of them girls,
With bright blue eyes and golden curls,
With features taken from each other,
And pleasant ways caught from their mother;
For though when they're addressing you
Their speech may sound like "coo" or "goo,"
Already what they say to us
Is simply just — "Too marvellous!"

—MORRIS HAY SIMPSON.

Do Not Disturb

Continued from page 11

JIM'S voice was a little icy as he replied: "You'd better define 'intelligent' and 'forthright' before you go on. I want our marriage to begin with a little dignity."

"Dignity!" Kitty echoed scornfully. "Why, the Sinclair clan would laugh themselves sick if I tried to play the blushing bride in tulle and old lace. The whole idea's disgusting and infantile, and I'm surprised that you'd hold with it for one second!"

Jim regarded her hostilely. "You just want your own way, Kitty."

"And I suppose you don't?"

She looked at Jim and had to look quickly away. If she watched his face, his eyes, his lips, she couldn't go on being A Woman Who Knows Her Own Mind, and speaks it unconditionally.

Now is the time, she warned herself firmly, to establish once and for all that she couldn't be walked on. Unless she did this here and now, all her married life Jim would win every argument hands down. It was not to be tolerated. She was no namby-pamby marshmallow, and Jim had better learn it to-day.

Jim stoutly refused to learn.

There followed a good deal of cataclysmic silence, quite a few more-inflammable words.

Finally, with the dignity he admired so much, Jim rose from his chair, bowed maddeningly from the waist, said, "Let me know when you change your mind," and took his departure.

As for Kitty, she took the steps three at a time to the Mad Room.

Aunt Lucy from her bedroom hailed Kitty as she passed, but her grandniece paid not the slightest attention. Nor was she thinking of Aunt Lucy now as she finished rehashing the story of her despair.

Having sorted out the details, Kitty felt worse, not better. For one thing, she realised with reluctant clarity that what she and Jim had argued over was ridiculous. But, she told herself, the discovery of his overbearing mulish stubbornness wasn't, and that was the issue now.

He had to be taught a lesson while there was still time to teach it. Here in the Mad Room she must settle upon a way to do it. But how?

Kitty flounced over to the pot-bellied trunk and picked up the book of case histories. Some one of her relatives had doubtless fought through just such a problem as this, and had blazed a trail for Miss Kitty.

She flipped the pages at random glancing briefly at whatever came to view. Here was the time Cousin Isobel had stomped up to the Mad Room after snooty Mrs. March implied before everyone at the Literary Circle that Isobel's hair was dyed. It was dyed, but only to its natural red which had faded with the years. Solution: Get a better hairdresser and watch that centre part.

Kitty snorted. No help there.

She turned more pages, pausing at her mother's writing to read how one night she had groped her way to the Mad Room with rage after father had trumped her ace for the umptieth time. Solution: Play poker—no partner required.

Below that was a pitiful complaint by Kitty's father following the catastrophe of mother's giving his cherished fishing hat to the rag man. Solution: Find the rag man and buy it back.

Kitty forgot her private tragedy and smiled. She could see her father puffing away furiously on his pipe. She could hear her mother saying all the things to the dressmaker's dummy that she might have said to father.

Something just here began to nag at Kitty's mind, but she couldn't put her finger on it and brushed it aside. She felt more annoyed than ever—this kind of literature was getting her exactly nowhere. The least her relatives could do would be help and advise her now instead of writing down a lot of trivial junk which didn't amount to anything compared to Kitty's problem.

She flipped pages backward angrily, and her eye caught the firm elegant signature of Aunt Lucy. She began to read, indifferently at first, and then with close attention.

"I am here because Ben Lawrence has treated me abominably. He regards me as his chattel already, even before we are married. What will I be afterward? I am not supposed to have a mind of my own or even a passing thought. I am a Mere Woman, the Weaker Vessel. I will prove to Ben Lawrence that I am a good deal more than that. I will jilt him. It is the only way to prove to a man of his temperament that I am a person in my own right and beholden to him for nothing—especially my happiness."

Kitty snapped the book shut. She had found her answer.

"Thanks very much, Aunt Lucy," she said.

Impatiently, but with a fine sense of duty, Kitty wrote down her own testimonial for the Sinclairs to come. She then opened the door, removed the DO NOT DISTURB sign, and descended the stairs.

Again Aunt Lucy called: "Is that you, Kitty?"

"Yes, Aunt Lucy."

"Come here, dear."

Kitty entered the large square bedroom with its pervading scent of lavender. In the big four-poster lay Aunt Lucy. Now she was frail and old, but once she had been young and beautiful, and once she had loved Ben Lawrence.

Kitty looked closely at this woman who long ago had found the courage to stand up for her rights and her sex, who all of her life had the satisfaction of knowing that she had triumphed over the aggressive possessiveness of the male.

And that was all Aunt Lucy had.

Now her pinched, petulant face bore bleak testimony to the loneliness of being right.

In a querulous voice she was saying, "You went to the Mad Room, Kitty?"

"Yes, Aunt Lucy."

Aunt Lucy, as far as she was able, looked pleased. "Are you having trouble with your young man?"

"Yes. I was trying to decide about our wedding."

"Your wedding? Ah, don't be in a hurry, child. All men are beasts. Find out what he's like underneath the polite manners of courtship."

"I have found out. He's a man who knows his own mind about little things. And," triumphantly, "that means he'll know it about big things, too!"

Aunt Lucy looked horrified. In a tragic voice she intoned, "Don't make a mistake, Kitty—don't make a mistake you'll regret all your life."

Kitty took a deep breath. How very near she had come to doing just that she didn't like to think. But thanks to poor Aunt Lucy, she found out what Grandmother Sinclair had learned that first night in the Mad Room. Give in. What earthly difference does it make so long as you've got him?

Kitty smiled rapturously. "Three weeks from to-day, Aunt Lucy, you're invited to my wedding at St. Paul's Church—the biggest, heavenliest, most dignified wedding anybody's ever seen!"

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HAZEL



"I said you'll have to speak louder, there's lotsa yapping going on in the background."



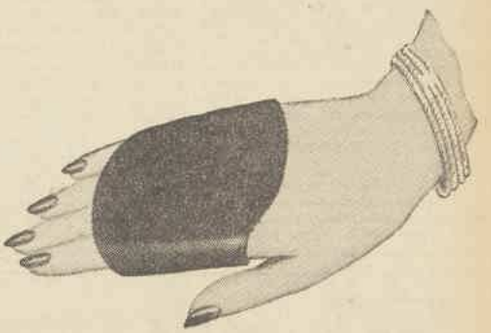


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HAIR

You're lovely! Alluring hair-do, faultless make-up, smart frocking, fascinatingly pretty. But what a pity that one little omission can spoil an all-but-perfect grooming. Unwanted hair on legs and arms repels. Don't ever let this fault mar *your* appearance, or spoil the look of your sheers. Whisk all unsightly hair away with a Silkymit Hair Remover. No sticky mess to apply; no chemicals; no coarse stubble. In only a minute or two, a Silkymit will leave your arms and legs silken-soft and petal-smooth without even a suspicion of unwanted hair. Be your loveliest, always! — with the aid of Silkymit, treasured beauty aid of the loveliest women, everywhere.



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IF I WERE YOU

Conducted by Margaret Howard for those in need of friendly, experienced advice

● Because speeches often bore those who have to listen to them, proposers of toasts at social events nowadays make their remarks short, light, and to the point.

At wedding receptions sometimes only one toast, "the bride and bridegroom," is proposed.

BUT even so there are many people who consider a wedding should have its full quota of speech-making.

I receive frequent requests for advice on the order of toasts at a wedding, so I have set these out in full in answer to the letter published below and to many similar inquiries.

"*WOULD you please publish a list of toasts given at a wedding reception?*"

When the reception is of an informal nature, quite often the only toast is to the bride and bridegroom. This is proposed by either the officiating clergyman or an old friend of the family and is replied to by the bridegroom.

The full list of toasts is: "The King," proposed by the clergyman or an old friend; "The Bridesmaids," proposed by the bridegroom and responded to by the best man; "The Parents of the Bride," proposed by an old family friend, responded to by the bride's father or whoever represents him. Another family friend proposes the toast to "The Parents of the Bridegroom." The bridegroom's father responds.

* * *

"*BECAUSE of an accident I am a little bit crippled and cannot keep up with the others, though they still ask me to go with them. When I am dragging behind someone always says: 'Come on, old limpy,' or makes some other mean joke. Don't you thing they should be kinder?*"

Your friends are trying to be kind by not making special allowances for you, thus reminding you that you have had an accident. They are paying you the compliment of treating you exactly the same as they always did. I am perfectly certain that there is no unkindness intended in their joking remarks.

You are being too sensitive; later you will be glad that your friends treat you as one of themselves and by being over-considerate aren't constantly reminding you that you aren't as fit as they are.

* * *

"*AFTER two years' friendship with me a boy has asked me to marry him. There are a great many things in the boy's favor, but I am not certain about marriage. Would it be fair to ask him to wait for my answer? I am appealing to you, as I have no family to confide in.*"

No girl wants to give her decision about such an important matter until she is certain. By all means ask this young man to wait. If he has any understanding at all he will appreciate your desire to be absolutely sure that he is the right one for you and you for him.

"*WHEN I go to a dance my friend, who doesn't dance, insists on going so that he can keep an eye on me by just sitting and watching. He said at one time that he would learn to dance, but has never made any effort to do so. Don't you think that if he were really fond of me he would behave differently?*"

If you are a good dancer yourself, your friend would perhaps rather not dance at all than do it badly like a beginner. No man will willingly put himself in the position of being outshone by someone he is trying to impress. But I think that if you are at all serious about each other you will have to iron out this difference in interests. If you cannot solve happily such a simple matter you are hardly likely to be able to solve a real problem when it comes along.

* * *

"*BECAUSE of the unsuitable conversation and behaviour of an elderly fellow employee, I have had to resign from my job. My brother wants to give the man a thrashing to teach him a lesson. Do you think I should encourage him to do so? What I should like to do is find some way of warning the unfortunate girl who will be next in the job.*"

It is natural for your brother to feel as he does, but as it is legally a very serious thing for one man to attack another even though he appears to have right on his side, my advice to you is to try to forget an unpleasant experience and ask your brother to do so, too. I'm afraid there is really nothing you can do to protect the girl who will take on your job—except to hope that she displays as much commonsense as you have.

When writing for advice on your problem . . .

LETTERS to Margaret Howard should bear the signature and address of the sender. All letters will be regarded as strictly confidential, and no names, pen-names, or addresses will be published. Pen friendships will not be arranged through this column.

Send your problem, addressing your letter to Margaret Howard, c/o The Australian Women's Weekly, to address at top of page 17.

She will deal with letters only, and can give no personal interviews. Do not write on legal or medical questions.

"*YOU advised a reader recently about her baby's christening. Would you tell me who should be invited and whether relatives or friends should be given preference as godparents?*"

Naturally you would invite those relatives with whom you are closely and affectionately associated, and your own friends. In choosing godparents some people are influenced by such worldly considerations as wealth and influence, others by family considerations, and others again choose either from their friends or relatives those who they think will take the most interest in the future welfare of the baby, irrespective of financial position and useful associations.

* * *

"*SHOULD a widow be known as Mrs. Mary Smith or Mrs. John Smith?*"

People have become careless about this matter these days, and you often hear a widow referred to as "Mrs. Mary Smith," but this is incorrect. She should always be known as "Mrs. John Smith." When a son named after his father marries, she becomes "Mrs. Smith, Senior."

* * *

"*PLEASE help a fellow out by saying if the following are correct, and if they aren't what are: 'Of a night time,' 'doesn't look badly,' and 'the door is six foot.'*"

The fellow's been expressing himself ungrammatically. He should say "at night," "doesn't look bad"—that is if he can't find a more complimentary remark—and "the door is six feet high."

"*WHAT would you advise when someone you do not really like at all goes about saying that you are the girl he is going to marry? To make matters worse, it is his friend I am interested in. This lad is too loyal to the first boy to do what he thinks might hurt him.*"

Your first step should be to make it quite clear to the boy who is taking matters so firmly into his own hands that you have no intention of marrying him and are not even interested in him. That will leave the way open for the one you really like. Once he sees definitely that he will not be taking his friend's girl he will perhaps try to win you himself.

* * *

"*DO you think it looks better for a woman to rise when another woman is introduced to her?*"

Everyone should rise when a very old person—man or woman—is introduced. If the person is a man or a woman younger than yourself, you never get up, but in the case of any woman older than yourself you should always do so.

* * *

"*HOW do you advise a girl to ask a boy to her home for the first time?*"

The Sunday evening meal, being something of an informal picnic in most homes, seems to provide the ideal opportunity. If the boy is at all shy, ask one or two of your other friends as well and make things easier for him. Meeting a girl's parents for the first time can be something of a strain.

You'll be on tiptoes next washday when you see that...

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"A NEW DEAL FOR HOUSEWIVES," says Mum, "That's what Persil dazzle means for me! No more cinderella colours or rainy-day 'greys' in *my* house." For linens, for undies, for *everything* you'll never want anything else when you see that Persil dazzle.



YOUR HUSBAND WILL WARBLE LIKE A BIRD IN SPRING when he eyes the Persil dazzle of his white shirts 'n' shorts 'n' singlets. For Persil's oxygen-charged suds give the whitest whites because they shift the dirt — not some of it . . . not most of it . . . but ALL of it.



KIDDIES' PLAYTIME COLOUREDS come up bright as the Sunday "funnies" when Persil's on the job. And Persil goes for double grubby school togs like a kid for candy. Even deep-down dirt lets go without a struggle, when those gentle suds start a'coaxing.



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American girl did not want to be a Tovarish

But she had Russian friends and almost fell in love with one

The second of two articles by ELIZABETH EAGAN, who edited an official American magazine in Moscow

A year after the war a formal announcement from the Kremlin lifted travel restrictions, so a British woman, Elma Ferguson, and I decided on a Black Sea vacation, and set off by train.

All went well at first. All would have continued to go well, no doubt, if we had not decided to test the amount of actual freedom given a foreigner by leaving the Intourist route.



OFFICERS OF THE RED ARMY such as this trio are credited with the playful habit of thinking up toasts which must be honored by visitors, who often find themselves unable to keep pace in Russian drinks.

MOREOVER, we decided to see how far we could get without using our foreign diplomatic-identity cards.

In Tiflis, where we had given ourselves 24 hours for sightseeing, we met a pleasant young Georgian woman who suggested we take a picnic lunch next day to Gori, a three-hour train ride, and visit the birthplace of Stalin.

We did. We saw the works, including the humble cabin where Joseph Vissarionovitch Djugashvili was born, and which is now enclosed in a fancy Greek temple.

We walked, viewed, and picnicked our fill, and, with a couple of hours to kill before our 6 o'clock return train to Tiflis (which would give us just ten minutes to make our connection to Batumi), we were back in the station. Our guide had gone off to see about tickets.

When a big double-chinned oily-skinned man in uniform entered, we paid no attention until he addressed us jovially in Russian and invited us to go out with him to "see something interesting."

He led us through a trim lawn-garden and through a charming rustic stone doorway to a nearby building, which I thought was perhaps a museum.

We entered a rectangular room containing a long table and an official-looking desk. The big man gave us chairs, sat at the desk and, taking off his cap, tossed it top downward on the table. I stiffened. It was red and blue. An NKVD cap! Our jovial guide was really a lieutenant in the secret service.

I looked up at the window. It was barred. The door was shut. I nudged Elma. "Do you see what I see? We're in gaol."

The boorish lieutenant didn't approve of our speaking English. He growled: "You both speak Russkn?" I answered that I did, but my friend only a little.

Questioned by NKVD

HE smiled. He had thick lips and his smile wasn't friendly. "Very well, talk. Who are you? What are you doing here?"

I told him my name was Elizaveta Eagan, that I was an American from Moscow on my way for a vacation at Batumi; that my companion was Elma Ferguson, British, also from Moscow, and added an account of our expedition.

"Now," I said, "I see you are NKVD. Will you please tell me why we are being held here, and how we are going to make our train?"

"Train?" He grinned. "You have no need to worry about trains."

He tossed a chuckling comment to a swarthy little man who had entered the room as the questioning began and was sitting silently. I took it that he was the local Communist Party secretary, just observing.

I began again, pointing out that we were legal travellers with Intourist tickets . . .

"Now Tovarish Elizaveta——" the lieutenant interrupted.

I interrupted right back: "I'm not your tovarish and, to you, I am not Elizaveta. You will please address me properly."

That stung him.

He asked for our passports. I told him he should know that Intourist had taken them away as soon as we registered at the Tiflis hotel, and we wouldn't get them back until we checked out.



AN ELECTRIC IRON is a possession to be proud of in Soviet Russia. The writer of this article found the Russians admired the American gadgets in her apartment, and were fascinated with an automatic toaster.

By now it was nearing time for our local train to Tiflis.

"Bring your kapitan," I said. "I'd like to discuss this phony arrest with him. You were going to show us 'something interesting.' Show us your kapitan."

Soon he came back with a tallish, sparse-haired captain. The lieutenant was talking volubly. The captain was looking worried. He asked all the questions the lieutenant had asked, and got the same answers. Then he asked the one his fat aide had not: "Did Intourist route you to Gori?"

I admitted it had not. He shrugged. "See?"

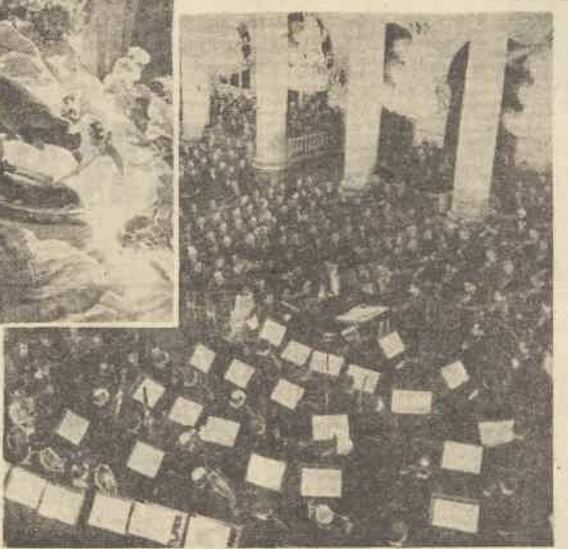
"I do not see," I snapped. "Is it forbidden to go on a picnic without a special pass?"

The outburst got us nowhere. Mumbling a few words, the captain left the room. At 15 minutes before train time, I insisted that the lieutenant get kapitan again. He left. The party man left. The train came and left.

I was concerned then. How could Intourist, or our Embassies, trace us?

Finally kapitan and lieutenant returned. They had questioned our guide. Her story agreed with ours, but they were taking no chances. We were not to be turned loose . . . yet. At this point, I knew it was time to play our trump card. So I let the words rip:

"Listen, Mr. Captain, I am diplomatic attache from the American Embassy and editor of the magazine 'Amerika,' published by the Bureau of Information and Cultural Affairs in Moscow. My friend is a diplomatic attache of the British Embassy and an editor of 'British Ally', published in Moscow. Now, are you satisfied?"



UNDER BLAZING CHANDELIERS Shostakovitch's "Leningrad Symphony" is performed in Moscow in the Hall of Columns at the House of Trade Unions.

Kapitan studied us and his lean cheek twitched. Then he turned on the lieutenant with cold fury.

Even in Georgian, I knew what he was saying. "Great grunting son of a pig! Look what you have got us into with your clever spy catching. Diplomats! Immune diplomats! No one can arrest them. We shall be lucky if this does not cost us both our heads."

I broke in on the captain by asking if we could go now. "But certainly, certainly, a great mistake . . . You understand, of course, you have not been arrested."

Not arrested? Then how explain the missed train, the missed connection in Tiflis?

Kapitan bellowed for the stationmaster. In a moment the little man appeared. "The express to Tiflis—when is it due? Stop it."

The little man answered calmly: "Impossible, Tovarish Kapitan. The express cannot be stopped."

What look the kapitan turned on him then I do not know, but I saw the little man's face blanch. "Yes—yes, Tovarish Kapitan. I shall stop the express."

Ten minutes later Elma and I were installed in a luxurious compartment, having been handed up the steps by the bowing, scraping captain. Behind him stood the lieutenant, timidly smiling and bearing Elma's coat.

The captain tried to make his last smile friendly.

"And please bear in mind, citizens," he said, "that you have not been under arrest. One so humble as I, a mere kapitan, could not presume, you know, so much as to question diplomats."

I did not sleep well that night. I kept wondering what might have happened if we had not been diplomats.

Social life

BECAUSE Moscow's young ladies cannot be seen in night-clubs without loss of reputation, home parties are a big social item. But they are likely to be crowded. Even a small guest-list packs a two-room apartment.

At that, it's safer for an American new to Moscow to attend a party where guests sprawl on the floor rather than a more formal sit-down party, for Russians take an unholy delight in ganging up on strangers at such affairs—just as Stalin's aides are reported to do at the big shindigs in the Kremlin.

My friends Alexander and Olga (nicknames Sasha and Olia) once staged a party for six Americans and six Russians.

The main room, about 12ft. x 16ft., was crowded with furniture and guests. A dozen chairs and stools were drawn up round a big table, and a small phonograph was squeaking out Russian jazz from a warped record. There were plates full of appetisers and black bread, and, at every third place, a bottle of vodka and one of wine.

As soon as the last guest arrived we were seated. Apparently there was no formal seating plan. But it happened that every American found a Russian on either side.

Then the toasts—and the fun—began. I knew what to expect. I saved my concern for an American major opposite me, a man who had just arrived in Moscow and obviously had not been told the facts of Moscow night life.

He was flanked by two cute, chubby, ex-Red Army girl officers who saw their duty and did it.

For once I was first with a toast—to Olia's mother. That started things.

First one of his pretty companions tapped him on the wrist and proposed a toast: "To the American Army and the Red Army." The major, being a man, had to drink the toast in vodka. Moreover, being a member of one of the organisations toasted, he had to drink it do dna—to the bottom.

Three minutes after the first toast the other lass proposed a toast to "Victory over the Fascists." The major drank another one—do dna.

He turned now to the pickled fish on his heaped plate. Meanwhile the first girl had practically polished off her first full plate of everything. Now she returned to the contest, and, engaging the major in casual conversation, discovered he was the father of four children.

"Ah," she exclaimed, "in all the world there is no better toast than one to children. I drink to your children and all children."

The beaming major agreed, and downed his third straight vodka in less than 15 minutes. He had scarcely touched his food, but his two companions were already at work on their second helpings. Now the other girl tried him out again.

"To Druzhba," she cried with a flourish, holding out her small glass of wine. "To friendship between our two great peoples!"

By now the major was cocky. He winked at me, "Say, this is the way to drink. I could go on like this for a long time."

He did. The girls kept thinking up toasts that no gentleman could ignore—to Stalin and Roosevelt, to peace, even to health. The major was quite a man, but——

We got him out at 2 a.m., with a helper under each arm and a silk scarf stuffed into his mouth to muffle the wailing baritone in which he begged the world to "Bury me not on the lo-one prairie-eee!"

Continued on page 41

★ KREAM CORNFLOUR MAKES A "SWEET" APPEAL AT ANY MEAL ★

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THINK THIS OVER!

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ANACIN

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Two bring fast relief



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American girl did not want to be a Tovarish

Continued from page 39

I WAS able to give a number of parties myself when I was at last assigned to a building outside the Embassy.

My practice was to invite one Russian whom I knew and have him or her invite the rest of the party. That way there was no danger of Russians bumping into others they didn't know or couldn't trust.

On one typical occasion the entire party of five Russian men and four girls arrived half an hour early.

I shooed the men into the living-room and the girls all flocked into my bedroom while I finished dressing. In five minutes they had tried on my hats and shoes, tested the bed by bouncing on it, gone through my jewellery box and experimented with my make-up, then rubbed it off and replaced it with their own orange glow.

I finally got them away from the dressing-table and into the living-room, only to discover that the five men were crowded into my tiny kitchen.

One had pulled the refrigerator away from the wall and was examining the motor on top; another had the door open and was extracting an ice tray. Two others had discovered the pop-up toaster, and the fifth sat on the window-sill taking it all in.

I held the ice-tray under the tap, put the cubes in a bowl, and refilled the tray with water.

For the toaster addicts I demonstrated with a slice of bread. They goggled with gadget worship and insisted that I take the marvel into the living-room and show it to the girls.

The more sophisticated of my guests liked to smoke my cigarettes —one of them always requested a "Looky Strooky," but incautious first attempts to handle our cigarettes ended in confusion. Russian cigarettes are called papirosi, and are mostly paper. Each has a two-inch cardboard mundstuck, an individual holder, attached to an inch and a half of cigarette. Russians, consequently, are "wet" smokers. When they smoke our cigarettes for the first time, they wind up with their teeth full of paper and soggy tobacco shreds.

As I made friends among the Russians, I came to be invited to nice small spontaneous evenings out. Someone I knew would call up and say a friend was in unexpectedly, from Odessa or Leningrad or Omsk, and wanted to meet a real live American girl.

"Come looking like an American," they would say. "Put your hair on top of your head, put on a lot of make-up, and wear your red suit with the pale blue blouse."

So I would dress as directed and go. Feeling a trifle silly, like something from the zoo, I would meet the visitor from Omsk and eye him as covertly as he did me. But usually the problems of language broke down our embarrassment and we were able to accept each other as friends of a friend. We would talk of rationing, of German atrocities, of the differences between our two great countries. But we never got much beyond that.

Dangerous friendships

NO Russian has immunity from arrest, and the fatalism with which they undertook friendships with Americans often astounded me. They risked their jobs, ration books, even apartment leases by befriending me.

I felt impelled, in turn, to protect them. There is no one I am more concerned with protecting than the man who bought my Christmas-tree decorations.

It was my second Christmas in Moscow. When I heard that the Mostorg (Moscow's Macy's) had the ornaments, I couldn't stay away. Round the counter where the baubles were on sale the crowd was five deep.

I had pushed well to the front when it dawned on me that I did not know the Russian names for these things. I looked round for help. On my right was a short, shaving Red Army pilot. On my left a studious-looking, pleasant, dark young man in civilian clothes. Perhaps because he was at least 2ft. 10in., I turned to him.

"Bute-lubezni . . ." I began—which means something like "Have the goodness . . ."

He smiled a really warm, attractive smile, and said: "Pazhaluste . . Your pleasure, Citizeness . . ." I told him, first, that I was an American, and, second, that I wanted to get some of the ornaments but didn't know their names.

"Merely point out what you wish," he said smilingly. "I shall do the rest with pleasure." I did, and he did, and I thanked him. Then we parted—as simply as that.

About a month later I was in the between-acts promenade in the Bolshoi Theatre. He was standing on the steps. Our eyes met. I smiled and his eyes lit up. He nodded, ever so slightly.

Later, after we had taken our seats, I swept the theatre with my rented glasses and saw him. He was looking at me. I lowered the glasses and smiled. So did he.

The next time I saw him, perhaps two weeks later, was when I was enjoying a manicure and he was having a haircut in the hotel barber shop. We paid our roubles at the same time and he followed me out. Within a block I heard his quick step crunching on the snow-covered sidewalk, and, glancing sideways, met his shy grin.

"The Russian lessons?" he asked in English. "How do they go?"

As I fumbled for an answer, he went on in halting but correct American. He apologised for "accosting me," and I brushed that off by asking where he had learned English.

"I speak English," he said, "though not well, partly because I am a metallurgist and must read it, partly because for several years I worked as an interpreter for an American mining engineer in the Urals. Also, partly because my mother's first husband was an Englishman."

He stopped speaking, but his eyes twinkled. Then he added: "But you are the only American I have ever spoken to since nine years ago.

"Young" country

"YOU know, of course," he added, "that we Russians are discouraged from having contact with foreigners—that I should not be walking with you. Do not think I disapprove of such regulations. I approve. I believe it is a good thing to discourage Russians from meeting foreigners."

I took issue with that. In a world grown small by virtue of radio and aircraft, I argued, all the world's peoples needed to know about all the others.

"No," he said. "Our country is young. Our political and economic system is the most advanced in the world, but it is still not strong. We do not yet have physical comforts.

"Our people are not yet wise. Many might become overcritical if they knew how great is the difference between the way we must live and the way the big capitalistic countries do."

He went on to say that he felt no qualms about talking to a foreigner because he was quite satisfied with his life and his future. He could withstand the "temptation."

"But I'm no fool," he added. "I know I am breaking the unwritten law in walking and talking with you. Anyway, may I go walking with you again some day soon? Sunday at 5 p.m., say, on Gogolovski Boulevard?"

I said yes, and that I understood the situation, but wasn't he risking a lot just to practise his English?

He flushed, then grinned shyly and looked me straight in the eye. "It is not the English. I would like to know you. So—shall we walk on Sunday?"

I said what any girl would.

It is dark in Moscow in wintertime at 4.30, but we had no trouble finding each other for our date. We struck across the little park above Pushkin Square and out the boulevard. This time I took the initiative. Perhaps he already knew my name, but I said "My name is Elizabeth. What is yours?"

He told me—Alexei—and asked me my father's first name. I answered William, and he told me his father's name was Mikhail. That put us on a very formal footing and we remained Elizaveta Vasilevna and Alexei Mikhailovich for the next several meetings.

It was at the third meeting that Alexei brought me a bundle of Press clippings—stories about Russian women scientists, doctors, writers, politicians, soldiers.

Suddenly I realised that I was being wooed. Alexei Mikhailovitch had a motive in trying to sell me on a future in the Soviet Union.

We walked all winter—once or twice a week. When spring came we were still walking, though we had got to the Lisa and Alyosha stage. But Alexei never came to my apartment, and I never met him anywhere but on the street.

One day in May we took a train to the country. We got off at a little village station on the edge of a birch forest.

Alyosha stopped a sweet, wrinkled old Babushka and asked her if there was a place in the village where we could buy a glass of tea. She insisted we come into her house. As we entered the old lady's cottage I whispered to Alexei that he must explain that I was an Amerikanka.

A proposal

SO he did, and she did not seem to fear me. Instead she beamed all over, and, turning again to Alyosha, asked: "And you, boy, you are the husband of the young Amerikanka?" Alyosha turned to me. "What shall I say? May I tell her, Lisa, that I soon shall be?"

Then, in a swift outpouring of persuasive Russian: "Let me say it, Dorogaya moya—my dear. Will you stay in Russia with me—be my wife—join me and people? . . ."

I had known it was coming. But this was—literally—too sudden. I lost the words of Alyosha's impassioned plea, but the gist was that he was offering me the greatest gift in his power to bestow: that I should, by marrying him and becoming a Soviet citizen, fulfil the destiny of modern woman by renouncing the false idols and ideas of imperialistic capitalism for world-wide Communistic brotherhood.

I don't know, really, how I should have reacted to such a proposal—by moonlight, say, on the banks of the Moscow River, or even if it had been offered in a peasant cottage without political orchestration. But I could not help looking beyond Alyosha to Babushka. I saw her eyes darting from his lean, strong figure in his dowdy, almost threadbare civilian "uniform" of shiny blue serge coat and worn brown trousers to my old, but still firm and well-cut, mustard-colored tweed suit.

I realised, which Alexei had not, that he was speaking Russian, and that Babushka had anticipated my answer with her eyes.

"Alyosha," I said, and I spoke in English, but my answer was American. "Alyosha, you are kind, considerate, and most patriotic. But I cannot marry you. Not for the reasons I see in the eyes of our hostess—not for any reason that would occur to you, because it has nothing to do with clothes or food or housing—not for the reasons you defend as justified in keeping Russians and foreigners apart.

"Believe me, Alyosha, I cannot marry you——" and here my voice almost broke, because he had never before looked so admirable, so almost heroic, so dedicated—"because you do not really love me.

"You love Russia. You would love to make a convert. You want a disciple, not a wife."

I had got a grip on myself now. I was filled with a rush of recollections of Red Army men and women fliers, foot soldiers, policemen, housewives, students—all of them living in daily dread of a visit from the secret police.

"I am an American woman, Alyosha," I concluded, "and I have bred in my bones the conviction that a man—or woman—is not born to serve the State, but that the State is born to serve the man or woman."

It sounds a bit pompous as I write it, I admit. But I don't think it really was—in that old woman's cottage among the birch trees. At least I have never regretted saying it.

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THE BLUNTS...

Weekly feature

Birthdays begin at dawn

Written and Illustrated By JILL BLUNT



All the relatives brought more fireworks, which were let off after the birthday dinner.

"HAPPY birfday to you, happy birfday to you-oo, (deep breath) . . . Hap . . ."

"Aw, quit it up son-oh, you'll wake them, an' they'll go crook an' won't gimme me presents . . . wad didjou get me anyway? It 'ud better be good or else—squid."

The mandarin-red dappling of light over my dressing-table said it was dawn . . . the great day had begun auspiciously, soon Taffy would sock Penny for not buying him a present.

I should have thought of that, but I have so many things to think of.

To avert certain disaster, I called sweetly to Taffy the customary good wishes. "Thanks," he called back, "can I come an' get me presents?"

The first gift was a push-me-pull-you affair, in that it had distinct advantages for every member of the household.

Two pairs of earphones to connect the wireless with the boys' boudoir, thus saving Mama and Papa from the blood-and-thunder serials little boys enjoy.

Amidst oos and ahs and eeks the magic device was tested. Immediately complications arose.

Penny wanted to do ballet and, forgetting he was tethered to his accompaniment, danced out on to the verandah, taking with him Taffy's phones, and netting a few pieces of furniture on the way. When he was reproved, he said the contraption was mad, and we could keep it, anyway.

I can't say here "So much for the earphones" . . . they remain the cause of unceasing strife.

The next gift, solely for Taffy, was approved, and so were beautiful editions of Jules Verne and R. L. Stevenson . . . and now how about the Party?

Young visitors

"TAFFY, I told you no party" . . .

"But gee, you said I could have Bobby."

"Quite."

"Wot about me, you said I could have a girl . . . can it be Louise?"

"No, it can't be Louise, because she's got spots; but Vicki's got a little girl staying with her, a good-looker, so they tell me, and she will be here before lunch. Tiffy can't come because he's having his tonsils-out . . . how many times do I have to tell you these things?"

At eleven o'clock sharp, for she is a sharp little woman, Ailsa presented herself at the front door . . . an incident that made history, for she was the first visitor ever to find the front door.

After the formal introductions were negotiated and Taffy had eaten most of his thumb away Penny took the young lady on a stooge tour of the estate to meet all the animals.

Taffy meanwhile was struggling from door to door like a pedlar, showing all his rather weighty presents to the friendly neighbors . . . he'd collected Bobby on the way.

Soon all four little people gathered in the kitchen with the cats for refreshments . . . fizzy drinks? Not milk, eh, on a birthday . . . choc. bicks? . . .

"Penny, would you repeat the last two words of your sentence?" . . .

"What sentence, darling girl? Oh, you mean a sentence like in grammar . . . well, certainly . . . the lucky boy ate a nicecream."

"Oh, skip it, but don't say choc. bicks., it's nauseating . . ."

"Okay, petsie-pie . . . chocolat bee-squee . . . that's French. All . . . I can speak French, so can my mother, can't you, my petit chou?"

"Yes indeed. Taisez vous," I snapped unwisely, and said, "And don't call Ailsa, Ail."

Taffy cocked an interested ear, and nudged Bobby in the ribs . . . "Ho, ha, hum!" he mock-bellowed . . . "Ail . . . that's short for Beer . . . would you care for a ginger-nut, dear Beer?" Bobby thought this was priceless, too, till I led him and Taffy from the kitchen by an ear.

Unusual type

AIL . . . I could only think of her as Ail now . . . was mincing about the kitchen exploring—her little pointed fingers probing the ripeness of pears, her button nose slightly rising in disdain over the dripping-pot . . . "Eugh! fet!" she exclaimed, making a moue of elegant disgust.

While I seethed over the insult to my exquisite beef dripping, she went on, "Our dripping is always white" . . . Hmph, I thought, straight from the butcher's cauldron.

I decide secretly then and there to manoeuvre Ail head first into the fish-pond later on . . . it has nice black mud.

But Ail was not done with me . . . "May I have a clean towel, Mrs. Blunt, please?" . . . "What for, Ailsa?"

"Mother always says I must wash my hands before I touch food . . . and Penny should, too, his hands are filthy."

With a great deal of pomp I presented Ail with our only guest-towel.

Penny, having agreed to wash his hands, stayed with me to discuss this eccentric girl . . . "Jill, do you think she's handsome?"

"Remarkably," I said, wondering what Ail's reaction to fricasseed tripe would be. At least it was white.

Ail returned after a germicidal soaping and nibbled at her biscuits delicately, her cold grey eyes a-roaming for further defects in my rather hearty kitchen.

She supposed that the chartreuse ceiling, chosen to catch the light, was designed to repel flies . . . I ground my teeth.

She pointed out that the leaves hanging from the hook were dead and would I like her to throw them out? They were precious bay-leaves.

But her attention was already drawn to a large cellophane-wrapped stick of peppermint candy.

Ha, ha! I'd discovered her Achilles heel.

"My I have a piece of candy, Mrs. Blunt, please?"

"Aw, gee, jinks Ail . . . call her JILL . . . everyone does, don't they, dearest?"

"No they don't!!" I snapped. "Yes, Ail-Ailsa, you may. No, no, no, I'll cut it with this knife." With that I took up a vicious pig-sticking affair and was about to fell the gaudy lollipop when Ail sprang to her feet, and thrust the dish-cloth into my free hand, whispering . . . "Perhaps you'd better wash your hands, germs, you know."

She rolled her cold grey eyes in horror.

Noises of indicated that Bobby and Taffy were back, and stealing lemons from the next-door tree, a weekly misdemeanor tolerated by the owner of the tree, who wisely knows that boys will be boys.

All saw through the pantry window while she was telling me that my pantry wasn't a pantry because we ironed in it and refrigerated in it, and even telephoned in it, and had no preserves.

". . . but look . . . tsktsk! look at those rough boys stealing, and now that boy with the birthday will do it all the year round."

"Penny," I implored him, "here's some oof, will you take Ail to the village and buy Taffy a present . . . yes, from you . . . yes, even fireworks . . . yes, yes, cafferin wheels . . . and buy a couple of double bungers for me . . . no! I'm going to let them off under Ail."

Penny chuckled like water pouring out of a bottle . . . "Oh, darling, you've got a giloferous scent of humor," and he went in reverse, still chuckling, from the kitchen.

All pranced off to the bathroom to wash off some more germs.

So the very special birthday jogged along, punctuated by Ail's frantic ablutions, until darkness embraced the earth.

Dinner was served in the grand manner, with fireworks and relatives to follow. All the relatives brought more fireworks, because they'd been waiting for six or maybe seven years themselves to run shrieking from the explosive advances of a jumping jack, or watch in awed ecstasy the flame feathers of a catherine wheel.

My, but was it fun. Until one of the visitors, Beth, gave Penny a game of Monopoly by mistake, but that is another grim story . . . wonderful game Monopoly.

Collecting gramophone records is exciting hobby

By HELEN FRIZELL, staff reporter

A man with a fascinating hobby is Mr. L. de Noskowski, former Polish Consul, of Sydney. For years he has been collecting gramophone records, specialising in old and rare discs.

STARTING with just a small collection, he now has records neatly stowed away all over his house, among them some of the earliest records ever made.

To a collector the search for rare or old records is exciting. The wanted discs could be lurking in any old second-hand shop or stored away in the junk-room of a suburban house.

Mr. Noskowski has had a good deal of this sort of excitement.

"Once I was in Harden, a country town," he said, "and I happened to look in the window of a junk-shop and thought I'd just give the records inside a glance.

"In a box of old records I found a record of Edward de Reszke which I bought for 4d! The worthless jazz records in the same box were priced at 2/-.

"In large country homes and stations," Mr. Noskowski continued, "you sometimes find very interesting records. Invariably you come across them in a garage, attic, or shed. But it is very difficult to find some early records. I'll tell you why.

"When the H.M.V. dog appeared on new records there were still hundreds in Australia with an earlier trade mark. So in 1910 it was announced that if people returned their old records they would be paid a small allowance.

"Thousands of records were returned to the agency, and the people received either money or new records. The old ones were sent back to England, broken up, and remelted."

Mr. Noskowski walked over to his modern electric gramophone.

"Listen to this," he said. "It's a Spanish song called 'La Calasera,' meaning 'the coachman's wife.'

"It was issued in 1906, but withdrawn in two or three months because the buyers complained that it was unplayable.

"In the song Madame Patti calls out to her horse, and sings on a very high note.

"On the early gramophones this note was ruined by vibration, simply due to the primitive mechanism of the machine."

He played it on his modern gramophone, and the notes were clear and true.

"It is remarkable that although one frequently comes across records of Melba, Caruso, and others," Mr. Noskowski added, "the records of the great Victorian singer, Emma Albani, never seem to turn up. Perhaps some might be found in Australia?"

Other interesting points Mr. Noskowski told me were:

The original records of Melba were sold in a special container, with her photograph on the outside.

At first Melba refused to record, but after hearing that other great singers, especially Caruso, were doing so, she agreed.

For the centre of her early records she chose a lilac-colored label.

Her actual signature was on each record across the centre of the matrix.

"Records all look the same now," Mr. Noskowski said. "But in those days the label in the centre was large and the colors varied. Adelina Patti had pink, for instance."

Inspired by my interview with Mr. Noskowski I rushed home and headed for the junk-room. But Emma Albani was not there.



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Lana Turner has her greatest year

By cable from VIOLA MacDONALD in Hollywood

This is Lana Turner's greatest year, with three starring films to be released. Lana made "Cass Timberlane" with Spencer Tracy, and then had the leading role in "Green Dolphin Street." Now she is starring with Gable in "Homecoming."

Lana, who is regarded to-day as a good emotional actress, has put in ten years of hard study learning to become proficient, in much the same manner as Joan Crawford developed from dancing chorine to actress.

MERVYN LEROY, who discovered her ten years ago sipping a milk shake in a drug store across the street from the Hollywood High School, is still following her career with the greatest interest. He is directing her in "Homecoming."

He picked 17-year-old Lana because of her lovely figure and pretty face to play a corpse in one scene of a Warner picture, "They Won't Forget."

I talked to Lana as she began wardrobe tests and found that she and Gable are old friends. They starred twice previously in "Honky Tonk" and "Somewhere I'll Find You."

In "Homecoming" Lana plays an Army nurse lieutenant nicknamed "Snap Shot," who is in love with Surgeon Gable. He is a self-centred man who is transformed through her devotion to a great humanitarian. Lana said, "I meet a tragic end in the film, but as I am very sentimental in real life, I like the part.

"While making my last film, 'Green Dolphin Street,' I suffered considerable physical hazards, so in the new film I will take mental strain instead. Joking aside, I enjoyed filming 'Green Dolphin Street,' particularly as I was able to learn more about New Zealand, where much of the action takes place.

"After weeks on location in Northern California, at Klamath River, I feel I know something of how New Zealand probably looked a hundred years ago. We were housed in canvas tents one mile from the river in rugged country.

"Every morning I rose at six and stood in line outside another canvas tent for breakfast, then another for wardrobe and another for make-up. I then hiked a mile to the river to where the company was preparing cameras and lights for shooting.

"People who think of me as a luxury-loving girl, reclining on white bearskins, should have seen me and others of the crew roughing it in the wilds. It was a wonderful experience, but I missed my baby daughter very much."

Lana's child, Cheryl Christina, aged three, is as dark as Lana is fair. Every Sunday Lana in white slacks can be seen at the children's playground near her home pushing Cheryl in swings and on roundabouts.

Evasive on romance

REGARDING her reported romance with Tyrone Power, Lana is evasive, but they are still often seen dining and dancing together. While Lana starts her new film, Tyrone is taking a world-wide trip in his own plane with the same crew who flew with him to Latin America last year.

Lana Turner is the public's idea of a typical movie star, with her lush beauty, startling costumes, and many romances. In reality, though, her rise to fame from an obscure schoolgirl to being a top glamor queen is only sensational reading material.

Lana is more mother than siren. She prefers hostessing her tiny daughter's parties more than her own night-club groups. Cheryl averages one party a month to which she invites other movie children. Lana explains: "I want her to become conscious of her obligations in social life as soon as possible. By giving parties she learns to share with others and put others' welfare first."



LANA TURNER has a last-minute fitting of the bridal gown she wears as Marianne Patourel in the MGM film "Green Dolphin Street," taken from the 200,000-dollar prize-winning novel by Elizabeth Goudge about pioneer life in New Zealand.

Film Reviews

OUR FILM GRADINGS
★★★ Excellent
★★ Above average
★ Average
No stars — below average.

★★★ BEST YEARS OF OUR LIVES

KNOWLEDGE that this RKO film won nine Academy Awards in 1946 probably will send our audiences to see it in more than usually critical mood.

I consider its best feature is its magnificent casting. There is not one weak performance in the unusually long screening time.

A simple story of three former servicemen settling into civilian life, it might happen in any town or country.

In choosing Fredric March, Dana Andrews, and the disabled Harold Russell as the men, Sam Goldwyn picked 100 per cent. winners.

On the feminine side, Myrna Loy as March's understanding wife, Teresa Wright as his daughter, Virginia Mayo as the flossy blonde wife of Dana Andrews, and Cathy O'Donnell as the fiancee of Harold Russell never let director William Wyler down for an instant.

There are many memorable scenes to rouse laughter or sympathy. Fredric March's "morning after" hangover is superb. So is Harold Russell's heartrending scene when, with Hoagy Carmichael (who does a lovely job), he plays a piano duet with the hooks he has instead of hands. Then again I was deeply moved by the simple tragedy when he showed his fiancee his helplessness after his hooks were removed.

It is remarkable that seasoned actors like March and Andrews are matched so well by the newcomer Harold Russell, and that Cathy O'Donnell in her first film should equal Teresa Wright. Also Virginia Mayo shows previously unsuspected acting ability.

From all points of view, "Best Years" is a splendid achievement. —Century; showing.—M.A.B.

★★ LIVING IN A BIG WAY

LIKEABLE Gene Kelly returns to the screen for MGM in a musical with big audience-appeal.

Gene's dancing is better than ever, and the high spots of the film are his opening song and dance with Marie MacDonald, another charming song and dance with a dog as his offsider, and a delightful hopscotch number with a group of children.

Kelly plays the role of a former flier whose hasty wartime marriage looks like going on the rocks when he returns home to find his bride social and wealthy because of her father's wartime business success. The story isn't worth much, but Kelly's charm, plus Marie MacDonald's good looks and rapidly improving acting ability, carry it along at a good pace.

There's a grand old lady performance by Jean Adair, and Spring Byington turns in one of her well-known "dithery" matron roles. Photography is topnotch.—St. James; showing.

★★ THEY WON'T BELIEVE ME

SOPHISTICATED drama with Robert Young in an unusual role makes RKO's release a film for adults, with a shock ending which brought a number of sympathetic feminine shrieks from the audience at its first screening.

Young plays a worthless character indicted for the murder of his girlfriend (Susan Hayward). Flashbacks from the courtroom tell the sordid story of his marriage for money (ending in his wife's suicide) and his shelving of an affair with a woman writer (Jane Greer).

Almost continuously before the camera, Young makes the role outstanding, and a good script has been smartly handled by director Irving Pichel.—Plaza; showing.

BETTE DAVIS, first lady of Warners, has moved into a dressing-room to which a second story has just been added equipped with a nursery and nurse's quarters, where Bette and her family will live while she films "If Winter Comes."

Studio dress designers against long skirts

By cable from CHRISTINE WEBB in Hollywood

THE Hollywood versus Paris battle of skirts continues heatedly with several top studio designers coming out flatly against long skirts.

Paramount designer Edith Head indignantly said, "The average woman is too attractive to want to hide her legs and have padded hips. No Paramount star will wear these dust-gathering styles.

"Most designers are concerned over the fact that the studios have so many unreleased films on their shelves which feature very short skirts on the stars. They fear audiences will laugh at the styles when they are finally released.

"The average woman will be bewildered when she sees her favorite actress parading about on the screen in very short skirts while the magazine in the woman's lap features skirts swishing round the ankles. She looks to Hollywood to tell her what to wear, but Hollywood is in direct conflict at the moment with the fashion magazines."

Other designers, like Jean Louis, say: "I'm in the middle of the argument. If long skirts suit a girl, then let her wear them, and the same applies to short skirts.

"I am going to dress Columbia players Rita Hayworth, Evelyn Keyes, Marguerite Chapman, Janet Blair, and Janis Carter in a length which suits each one best."

I hear MGM are so upset over the fashion controversy that they are secretly sending Helen Rose, one of their top designers, on a country-wide tour to fathom out what the public itself thinks, and what it wants the stars to wear on the screen.

* * *

DORIS DAY is starting her screen career as the leading lady opposite Jack Carson in "Romance in High C." She has bought a trailer, which parks near Warner Brothers' studio, where she lives while filming.



PEGGY CUMMINS, Irish-born actress, arrives back in England from U.S.A. to play opposite Rex Harrison in "Escape" for Fox.

Printed and published by Consolidated Press Limited, 168-174 Castlereagh Street, Sydney.

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it's holiday time, and you have nothing in the world to do but laze and be your charming self . . . and maybe to choose from the hearts that lie at your feet. Homage will be yours wherever you go, for you have Yardley beauty-things and skill in using them. And what man can resist loveliness so subtle that it seems to have no need of art?

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The Bath and Complexion Care of 9 out of every 10 Film Stars!

Film lovelies still say "Yes" to bared shoulders for dancing and romancing—so keep them as satin-smooth as your complexion. Always use Lux Toilet Soap. Take a film star beauty bath with this pure white soap, and work its active-lather well into your face, back and shoulders. As you pat dry with a soft towel your skin takes on fresh, new beauty.

LT.208.26



PAIN you can't explain

YOU HAVE TO TELL A "white lie"

When it's your turn to suffer—take a hint from thousands of women and remember it's time for MYZONE . . .

MEN CAN'T REALISE—and it's so hard to "explain" when dragging, exhausting muscular cramps mean broken appointments and "time off." On those days every month, when you would give anything to be able to shake off that terrible feeling of weakness—try a couple of little Myzone tablets.

ALREADY five out of every nine women are blessing this wonderful new pain-relief. For Myzone's special **Acterin** (anti-spasm) compound brings immediate—more complete and lasting—relief from severe period pain, headache and sick-feeling, than anything else you've ever known.

★ Just take two Myzone tablets with water or cup of tea. Find blessed relief and new, bright comfort . . . absolutely safe—notice how there is no "doping." At all chemists.

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WITH YOUR VERY NEXT "PAIN"



1 **STAGE CAREER OFFER** to song-writer Joe Howard (Mark Stevens) from star Lulu Maddison (Martha Stewart) annoys Joe's teen-age stage-struck admirer, Katie (June Haver).



2 **FRIENDLY ADVICE** to Katie from Joe before he leaves on tour with Lulu makes her determined to adopt stage career when she grows up, and wed Joe.

Lively Technicolor Musical

AMERICA'S famous minstrel man, Joe E. Howard, is the central figure in a technicolor fictitious version of his life made by Fox.

Howard's most famous song, "I Wonder Who's Kissing Her Now?" (of which more than five million copies have been sold), was chosen as the title.

Some of America's most famous stars, including Sophie Tucker, Trixie Fraganza, Harry Pilcer, and Lenore Ulric, made their initial successes singing Howard's songs in the twenty-eight stage musicals he wrote.

The film is Mark Stevens' first musical.



3 **AFTER LONG TOUR,** Katie's arrival to see Joe causes Lulu to delete his number from her show.



4 **TEAMED WITH JOE** in another company, Katie later causes trouble with new star before show opens.



5 **NEEDING MONEY** to finance show, Joe signs away song royalties for ten years. After success and New York trip he finds that star, Fritzi (Lenore Aubert), whom he loved, has left to marry. He blames Katie's interference.



6 **BECOMING A STAR,** Katie finally persuades Joe that all her tricks were designed only to help him.



Baby and I are getting on wonderfully now. Ford Pills are so gentle and effective that they are worth their weight in gold.

Ford Pills contain the concentrated extracts that give you the valuable laxative properties of fruit to keep you well in Nature's way.

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Tudor, Georgian, Victorian and Louis designs by Semco are adaptable to stool tops, fender stools, fire screens, chair backs and seats.



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This colourful Semco design is typical of many pictorial, scenic, floral, garden and Australian wild flower scenes. Available in sizes 18 x 24 and 11 x 14.



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TAPESTRIES

Colour design slips and simple instructions are attached to all designs which are stamped on highest quality Penelope canvas.



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DESIGNS FOR DELIGHTFUL EVENING BAGS

Accentuate your mood of gaiety with these charmingly unusual Semco evening and handbag designs. Choose lovely floral and conventional motifs and adopt colour schemes to suit your own individual personality. Designs can be converted into wallets.

If you have any difficulty in obtaining Semco Stamped Tapestries, write direct to Semco who will arrange distribution of supplies through your nearest store.



DESIGN No. T.301

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You're poised, self-assured, because you *know* no tell-tale outlines show when you choose Kotex sanitary napkins. The special, flat, pressed ends of Kotex prevent revealing outlines . . . keep your secret safe. Just one of many important Kotex features that are all *very personally yours.*

You're so at ease with that all-elastic Kotex Belt — so snug — so smooth-fitting — no binding.



WOMEN EVERYWHERE PREFER KOTEX

CA/187

COTTON SWEATER

● Knit this attractive frost-white cotton sweater for the hot summer months.

DESIGNED to fit sizes 36 to 38 bust, it is a smart, useful adjunct to your summer wardrobe. Here are the directions.

Materials: 9oz. Astor "Snowy" or "Knitty" cotton; 1 pr. each No. 10 and No. 13 needles; medium-sized crochet-hook; 3 small buttons.

Measurements: Bust, 38in. For bust 40in. use figures in brackets where necessary.

Tension: 6½ sts., 1in. Be sure to check tension. Change to larger needles if you knit too tightly, and smaller if you knit too loosely.

BACK

Cast on 110 sts. (118), using thumb and one needle method, and No. 13 needles. Work 3in. k 2, p 2, rib basque. Inc. evenly along last row to 113 (120) sts.

Change to No. 10 needles and following patt., which will be called st. one.

Row 1: K 1, * p 2, insert needle purlwise through first st. on left-hand needle. Knit the 2nd st. and draw it off through the 1st st.; then knit into the back of 1st st.; p 2, k 1. Rep. from * to end of row.

Row 2: * P 1, k 2, p 2, k 2. Rep. from * to end row with p 1.

These two rows form patt. Keeping continuity of patt. inc. one each end every inch to 123 (130) sts. Work to armhole, 12in. or required length. Cast off 7 (8) sts. each end, then knit 2 tog. each end every row to 93 (95) sts. When armhole measures 3in. divide sts. in half for back opening. Work on both sides, until armhole is 7½in. measured straight up. Cast off 7 sts. from armhole edge 4 times. Cast off remaining sts.

FRONT

Cast on 120 (128) sts. Work basque to match back. Then change to No. 10 needles. (Dec. 1 st. for size 40in., 127 sts.) Keeping continuity of patt. increase one each end every in. to 130 (139) sts. Work to armhole, 12¾in. (13in.) or required length.

Shape armholes by casting off 9 (9) sts. each end, then k 2 tog. each end every row to 94 sts. (97). When armhole shaping is complete, change to lace-stitch, thus:—

Work 34 (32) sts. each end of row in stitch one, and 26 (33) sts. in centre of row in stitch two, as follows:—

Row 1: * P 1, yarn fwd. to make a stitch, slip 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., yarn round needle, p 1, twist 2 as in stitch one. Rep. from * to end with p 1, yarn fwd., slip 1, k 2 tog., p.s.s.o., yarn round needle, p 1.

Row 2: * K 5, p 2. Rep. from * to end with k 5. Work 1in. in this way, then extend the section worked in stitch two in centre by working 14 more sts. each side.

Work one inch more. Then work whole row in stitch two. Cont. until armhole is 6in. measured straight up. Shape neck by casting off 16 (17) sts. in centre of row, then decreasing each side of neck every row until 21 (30) sts. remain for each shoulder. When armhole measures 7½in., measured straight up, shape shoulders by casting off 7 sts. from armhole edge 4 times each side. (For size 40in. cast off 7 sts. twice and 8 sts. twice.)

SHORT SLEEVES

Cast on 84 sts.

Work 1in. k 2, p 2 rib with No. 13 needles. Inc. evenly along last row to 85 sts.

Change to No. 10 needles, and keeping continuity of patt. inc. one each end every 4th row to 101 (109) sts. When sleeve measures 5in. (5½in.) from the beg., k 2 tog. each end every 2nd row to 43 sts. K 1 tog. along row to last 4 sts. K 4 tog. Cast off remaining sts.

SHOULDER-PADS (2)

Cast on 25 sts. Work 3in. Cast off. Fold in half, join and pad with cotton-wool.

TO MAKE UP

Join side, shoulder, and sleeve seams, easing extra length at side-front to fit back. Sew in sleeves and shoulder-pads.

Work shell edging round neck with crochet-hook, thus:—

* 1 d.c., skip 1in. Work 5 treble into same space, skip 1in. Rep. from * to end with 1 d.c.

Work 3 flat crochet buttonholes down right side of back opening. Sew on buttons, and press carefully.



KNITTING COTTON makes this attractive white sweater, for which directions are given on this page.

SUMMERTIME CARE OF BABY

By SISTER MARY JACOB, Our Mothercraft Nurse

NOW that summer is coming your baby can spend longer hours outside in the fresh air and sunshine, and will be happier than when confined to a room for long periods.

However, the hot weather brings its own problems. You have to make adjustments in the cot, in clothing, and diet.

Prickly heat and other skin rashes are often caused by damp heat. Overfeeding is more likely to cause digestive upsets as a baby cannot deal as well with the same foods in the summer.

A leaflet describing some of these hot-weather problems and how to deal with them can be obtained from The Australian Women's Weekly Mothercraft Service Bureau, 19 Bridge Street, Sydney, N.S.W. Send a stamped addressed envelope for a copy.

N.B.—The pre-natal service of the Mothercraft Service Bureau at the above address is available every day from 10 a.m. to 12 noon and from 2 p.m. to 4 p.m. from Monday to Friday.

● Practical demonstrations are given on diet and other essentials.

● Demonstrations of special abdominal exercises, cot-making, and the bathing of baby are also given individually and in classes.



How to treat a

HEEL BLISTER

1. *Cleanse and dry the surrounding skin.*
2. *Select a large Elastoplast dressing, and remove protective muslin.*
3. *Stretching it slightly, place antiseptic pad over blister.*
4. *Finally, firmly press down adhesive edges.*

The blister is now comfortably and securely protected, whilst the dressing, being *elastic*, allows complete freedom of movement as you walk. Elastoplast is first-class first-aid—you need no bandages or other antiseptic. Never neglect an injury, however slight—if in doubt see your doctor.

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COMBINATION DESK and dining-table from America. Desk consists of a free table and two units, standing unattached under it. Table can be used for a dinette by itself, while the units have a variety of uses, including incidental "cases" flanking a divan.

Right food for the convalescent

By MEDICO

"MY husband has been sent home from hospital with his broken leg in plaster," said Mrs. H. "Is there anything special I can give him to eat which will help him get well? He's lost weight since his accident."

"Recent research work has given us some firm facts on your problem," I told her. "After any serious injury or operation a patient requires twice as much protein as usual if he is to recover quickly and avoid loss of weight and strength."

"What foods supply the most protein?" she asked.

"First of all," I told her, "see that he uses his full meat ration. Cook and serve it in the way he likes it best. Buy unrationed meats as well —tripe, brains, fish, liver, kidneys.

"Give him three courses for each meal. For breakfast, half an orange, a small plate of oatmeal porridge cooked in milk, egg and bacon, and a glass of milk or cup of milk coffee. Serve the egg in a variety of ways to make it attractive.

"In the middle of the morning give him a glass of milk, iced or warm, in which has been beaten two tablespoons of skim-milk powder. Add a pinch of salt and flavor with nutmeg.

"For lunch give him half a cup of soup, a fillet of steamed fish, and a grilled chop or slice of lean ham and salad.

"During the afternoon repeat the milk drink, but use a different flavor.

"At dinner time give him two slices of roast meat with vegetables, an egg custard, with a fruit salad and a glass of iced coffee. For supper, a glass of the special milk drink served hot."

"Do you think he will take all that?" she asked. "He hasn't much appetite."

"Your job is to stimulate his appetite by every means you can. Poor appetite during convalescence is a challenge, not a brick wall.

"Daintily served food, small helpings, nicely garnished, and attractive tray settings are as important to the recovery of a convalescent as a doctor's prescription. You are in a strong position to help him, because you know what he likes and how he likes it."

"Are there any foods which he should avoid?" asked Mrs. H.

"He should avoid those foods which destroy his appetite without satisfying his bodily needs," I told her. "Such foods are barley sugar, ice-cream, chocolate, sweet, fizzy drinks, and biscuits. The less sweet foods he has, the better it will be. Sugar has a bad effect on the appetite, which is such a vital factor in his recovery."

"How was all this new knowledge discovered?" she asked.

"As a result of atomic research," I told her. "Animals were given radio-active protein food to eat, and its progress through the body was watched with electronic apparatus. It was found that the protein was being built up and broken down at a rapid rate throughout the body.

"After an injury or operation this building and breaking went on at an even faster rate, and more protein than usual was passed out through the kidneys.

"Unless much more protein was given in food, there was rapid loss of weight, and delay in recovery."

[All names in this article are fictitious.]



HANDY TIP for banishing marks and scratches from leather handbags is to rub them with a little face cream. Wipe off all traces of cream carefully to prevent any danger of marking clothes. Then polish bag with a clean cloth.

Miss Precious Minutes says:

TO keep moths away, spray cupboards, wardrobes, and corners regularly.

* * *

AVOID smeared stockings. After polishing shoes, wipe the edges where leather meets hose with tissue-paper.

* * *

HARD-TO-TAKE medicine may be swallowed more easily if you place an ice-cube on the tongue for a few seconds before taking.

* * *

ALWAYS add a little borax to the water when washing lace curtains. It will strengthen the cotton, also prevent undue stretching.

* * *

WHEN washing lampshades brush the fringe so that it will not tangle when drying.

Mrs. John A. Roosevelt

A charming and lovely member of the famous American family, Mrs. John A. Roosevelt has a fine-textured blonde skin and for years she has followed the simple, effective Pond's beauty ritual to safeguard her complexion. She says "Pond's are the best complexion care I know" . . . Pond's Cold Cream, the thorough skin cleanser and freshener . . . and Pond's Vanishing Cream, the skin softener and powder base which keeps make-up alluring for hours.



Pond's Beauty Care for Your Complexion Too!

The beauty care of the world's loveliest women is yours to keep your complexion at its loveliest too!

POND'S COLD CREAM is the thorough skin cleanser and freshener. Pat this rich, satiny cream generously over your face and throat night and morning and for freshening up during the day too. Leave it on a few minutes to float up dust and impurities from deep down in the pores. Then wipe it off for a gloriously cleansed, fresh skin.

POND'S VANISHING CREAM is the powder base and skin softener which keeps your make-up fresh and alluring for hours. Always smooth on a gossamer film of this fluffy, fragrant cream before you powder—and you'll be thrilled *how long* your make-up stays "just so"!

Pond's Cold Cream for pore-deep cleansing — Pond's Vanishing Cream, powder base and skin softener. At all chemists, chain and departmental stores in large or small jars for your dressing table and convenient handbag-size tubes.



POT—8



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UNFURROWING forehead lines with pressure wings.

Take your skin gently in hand

● If there is one time more than another when your right hand should know what the left is doing it is when you use them to keep face contours clear cut and smooth with massage.



FOLLOW the entire length of the long jawline in massaging.



FIRM AND FLAT, the curved index finger does an ironing job.

By CAROLYN EARLE
Our Beauty Expert

ALINED skin is not necessarily a mature skin, because the Australian climate, excellent in other respects, can wrinkle a skin young in years.

But all wrinkles cannot be blamed on to sun or wind. They may indicate slackness in skin care, health under par, or a habit of frowning and scowling.

Whatever the cause, the first step is to take stock.

● Are there tiny lines marking with an X tired areas around the eyes?

● Are little creases beginning to lace across the forehead?

● Is there a pudge settled determinedly at the jawline on either side of the chin, or is the throatline less youthful than it could be?

If the answer to any one of these questions is "yes," get your hands to work.

A thoroughly cleansed skin is the first necessity. Then coat the hands with a rich lubricating cream, so that they will glide easily without pulling and stretching.

For the eyes: Be gentle with the fine chiffon texture under your eyes.

Eye cream or oil should be smoothed over the eyelids and feather-patted with two very light fingers from the bridge of the nose out and back again.

Press lightly under the hollow of the orbit bone near the bridge; here hides a branch of the ophthalmic nerve. Then stroke the upper lid firmly outward.

Finish with a light, rotating movement over the temporal nerve just behind the outer corner of the eye, press and hold once or twice, then release. It feels wonderful.

For the throat: To counteract the slack that may turn into a second skin, to stave off the marks that may ladder your throat, and to rid any suggestion of "crepiness," take a palmful of cream in each hand, and, starting below the collarbone and using the right hand to the left side and the left hand to the right side, slick up rhythmically to each side of the jaw and slide down again, with increased pressure on the upward stroke.

For the jawline: Knuckle down firmly on that pudginess, and, with the flat hardness of your curved index finger, "iron" the softness up and out.

Right finger for the left side of your jaw, left finger for the right side, and let each thumb underline the jawbone as you "iron" smoothly from chin to ear.

For nose-to-mouth lines: These run from nostrils to lip corners. The depth depends a lot on facial mobility, but we all have them in some degree.

Use the first two fingers of both hands simultaneously, and, beginning at the outer corners of the mouth, in a series of light little circles traverse the lines to the nose.

Replace the fingers at the starting-off point, and repeat often.

For the furrowed brow: An elementary suggestion on unfurrowing the brow is not to furrow it. The habit is easy to acquire and hard to break, because it is not done consciously.

To counteract the ridging, trace imaginary wings with smoothing fingers from the bridge of your nose to the outer hairline—lightly, of course, but still firmly and in unison.

Properly done, the movement can be relaxing, too.

For frown lines: Ditto the remarks on self-suggestion as a contributing cure.

Then place both index fingers at the bridge of the nose and work upward with a rotary motion into the hairline. Repeat often, and vary the action sometimes by sliding the fingers one above the other up and down the depth of the forehead.

For the chin-line: Putting the chin in place is quite often a two-way undertaking—toning up flabbiness and picking up posture.

The former is achieved by brisk patting with the finger-tips or with the backs of the hands applied where they will do most good.

For the posture improvement, try holding the head higher and stretching up from the back of the neck.

Moulding is another helpful treatment.

Using the first and second fingers of each hand, beginning at the ear, place the second finger under the jawbone and the index finger above the jawbone, so that the bone can actually be traced. With light, firm pressure, slide first one hand then the other the whole arc of the jaw, each to ear, lifting upwards all the time.

Correct massage will not banish lines and wrinkles miraculously, but it is effective in a cumulative way that also ensures the fullest benefit from beauty preparations.



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Vegetable Dinners

By Our Food and Cookery Experts

EVEN the most commonplace vegetables may be served in several ways. With a little care in preparation, vegetables can be the highlight of the meal, or can be used to extend a small quantity of meat to make more servings.

Green and root vegetables are essential foods. Their vitamin and mineral content is necessary for general good health.

True vegetable flavors are acceptable to most palates, but flavor as well as food value may be lost unless the cooking is done carefully.

Vegetables should be cooked in a small quantity of salted water in a tightly lidded pan.

Water strained from vegetables should be saved for use in sauces, soups, stews, or gravies.

Scrub young parsnips and carrots instead of peeling them.

Cabbage shredded and cooked in a lidded pan with very little water, a sprinkling of salt, and a nut of butter or bacon fat has no odor.



CABBAGE LEAVES stuffed with a savory breadcrumb mixture and served with whole green beans, carrot straws, and baked tomato-halves—a good main course for a meatless meal. The menu is balanced with a light sponge pudding topped with chocolate sauce.

STUFFED CABBAGE-LEAF ROLLS

Five or 6 medium-sized fresh cabbage-leaves, 1½ cups soft white breadcrumbs, 1 teaspoon butter, salt and pepper to taste, ½ teaspoon chopped mint, ½ teaspoon grated lemon rind, small pinch herbs, 1 teaspoon finely minced onion, 1 tablespoon grated pineapple (may be omitted), 1 tablespoon grated carrot, 1 egg-yolk.

Wash cabbage-leaves well, place in lidded saucepan with small quantity of water and steam 2 or 3 minutes to make leaves pliable, drain. Rub butter into breadcrumbs, add all other ingredients, bind with beaten egg-yolk. Place a spoonful of the mixture on to each cabbage-leaf, fold over and roll up. Press down lightly, so that leaves will not unroll during cooking. Place in thickly greased casserole with a very small quantity of water (sufficient to barely cover bottom). Cover and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until leaves are tender. Serve hot.

POTATOES AU GRATIN

Two cups diced cooked potatoes, 3 teaspoons margarine or butter, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 level teaspoon dry mustard, 1 level teaspoon salt, 1½ cups milk, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1 cup grated cheese, chopped parsley or paprika.

Melt margarine or butter, add flour, mustard, and salt. Cook 2 or 3 minutes over low heat without browning. Stir in milk; continue stirring until mixture boils. Cool slightly, fold in cubed potatoes, grated onion, and two-thirds of the cheese. Turn into shallow well-greased ovenware dish. Top with balance of cheese. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve piping hot, garnished with chopped parsley or paprika.

STUFFED GREEN PEPPERS

Two medium-sized green peppers, 1 cup sweet corn, 1 cup cooked green peas, 2 tablespoons soft white breadcrumbs, salt to taste, pinch pepper, small pinch of herbs.

Wash peppers, cover with cold water, bring to boil and simmer 5 minutes. Remove stems, cut a slice from stem end and remove seeds. Combine all other ingredients, fill into pepper-cases. Place on greased tray, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until peppers are tender—25 to 30 minutes. Another good filling for green peppers: Combine 1 cup minced ham and ½ cup diced, parboiled celery. Beat into 1 cup creamed potatoes, adding sufficient milk to make a light, fluffy mixture. Fill into prepared pepper-cases and bake as above.

CREAMY SPINACH CASSEROLE

One bunch spinach, ½ teaspoon salt, 1 teaspoon butter, squeeze of lemon juice, ½ cup grated cheese, ½ cup hot milk (not boiled), pinch pepper, ½ cup browned crumbs or crushed cornflakes.

Wash spinach thoroughly, shred green portion, place in pan with butter and lemon juice, sprinkle with salt. Cover and cook over low heat 6 to 8 minutes, shaking pan occasionally. Turn into greased ovenware dish. Beat hot milk a little at a time into grated cheese, add pepper. Spread over spinach, top with crumbs or crushed cornflakes. Bake in moderate oven (350deg. F.) 15 to 20 minutes. Serve immediately.

FRANKFURT-STUFFED POTATOES

Five or 6 potatoes, 5 or 6 thin frankfurts, 5 or 6 strips of bacon.

Scrub and dry potatoes—do not peel. Cut a thin slice from each end and make a hole through each potato with an apple-corer. Stuff hole with frankfurt. Place potatoes on greased tray, bake in hot oven (425deg. F.) until potatoes are soft. Three or 4 minutes before serving time split each potato along top, cover with piece of bacon. Return to oven until bacon is cooked. Serve hot with cheese, tomato halves, hot greens, and heated tomato puree or heated tomato sauce flavored further with Worcestershire sauce.

WHOLEMEAL AND VEGETABLE CASSEROLE

One small cauliflower, 1½ cups green peas, 2 small sliced carrots, 1 cup diced celery, 1 cup cubed pumpkin, 1 dessertspoon finely minced onion, 1 pint milk, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 2 tablespoons wholemeal flour, ½ cup grated cheese.

Break cauliflower into sprigs, drop into boiling salted water, simmer 6 to 8 minutes. Place all other vegetables (except onion) into colander or steamer, cover, and cook over boiling water until soft. Arrange cauliflower sprigs round edge of large greased casserole. Fill centre with steamed vegetables. Blend flour with a little of the milk, add balance of milk and stir until boiling. Simmer 3 or 4 minutes. Add butter, onion, salt and pepper to taste, and grated cheese. Pour over vegetables in casserole, bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Serve hot with toast fingers.

SAVORY HARICOT BEANS

Two cups cooked haricot beans, ½ carrot, piece of swede, 1 stick celery, ½ small onion, 1 pint stock or water, piece of bacon rind, ½ teaspoon salt, pinch pepper, 1 tablespoon flour, 1 dessertspoon bacon fat, rolls of grilled bacon, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley.

Wash and peel vegetables, cut into dice. Brown lightly in melted bacon fat. Add flour, and brown. Stir in stock, salt, and pepper. When boiling, add bacon rind, cover, and simmer ½ hour. Remove bacon rind, fold in cooked beans, and simmer 5 minutes to heat beans. Turn on to serving-dish, sprinkle with chopped parsley, garnish with bacon rolls.

Continued on page 54

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K4/187



VANILLA COFFEE CREAM topped with coffee icing and chopped nuts is easy to make, luscious to eat. See prize recipe below.

Reader's prize recipe:

STEAK and MUSHROOMS

● Vary that tender, juicy piece of grilling steak by stuffing with mushrooms and onion seasoning as in the recipe which won the main prize in this week's contest.

MANY interesting recipes for cakes and puddings arrived in this week's mail. Three of them win prizes for readers.

MUSHROOM STUFFED STEAK

One pound rump steak, 1 dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 teaspoon finely chopped shallot, ½lb. mushrooms, salt and pepper, 2 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs.

Wash, peel, and dry mushrooms. Chop finely and mix with chopped shallot. Melt shortening and saute mushrooms and onion for 3 to 4 minutes. Add salt, pepper, and breadcrumbs. Mix well. Turn out on to plate to cool. Cut a pocket in steak and fill with mushroom mixture. Sew up pocket with cotton or secure with cocktail sticks or skewers. Place under preheated griller and brown on both sides. Cook 10 to 12 minutes, turning every 2 or 3 minutes. Remove cotton or skewers. Serve with potato chips, grilled tomato halves, and garnish with parsley.

First Prize of £1 to Mrs. A. McSharry, Jarvisfield, Ayr, Qld.

PINEAPPLE GINGERBREAD PUDDING

To Line Tin: One dessertspoon shortening, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, slices of cooked, drained pineapple, cherries.

Mixture: 1½ cups plain flour, pinch salt, ½ teaspoon ground ginger, 1 scant level teaspoon carbonate of soda, 1 dessertspoon butter, 1 tablespoon brown sugar, 1-3rd cup golden syrup, ½ cup milk, 1 egg.

Line bottom and sides of 7in. sandwich-tin with greased paper. Cream shortening and sugar and spread over paper. Cut pineapple slices in quarters and make pattern in bottom of tin with pineapple and cherries.

Sift flour, salt, ginger, and soda together. Rub in shortening. Add sugar. Warm the golden syrup slightly, add milk. Beat egg, adding to syrup and milk. Pour into sifted dry ingredients. Mix quickly and lightly (mixture should be fairly soft). Pour into prepared tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 25 to 30 minutes. Turn out and serve with custard or cream.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. E. P. Rosenberg, 8 Moresby St., Wayville, S.A.

VANILLA COFFEE CREAMS

Two eggs, 3 tablespoons castor sugar, ½ teaspoon vanilla, 2 tablespoons self-raising flour, pinch salt, 1 tablespoon coffee essence.

Beat eggs and sugar together till thick and creamy. Add vanilla essence. Fold in sifted flour and salt, and lastly stir in coffee essence. Pour into well-greased slab or square tin. Bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.) 20 to 25 minutes. Turn out on to cake cooler. When quite cold, cut through centre and spread with coffee cream. Join together. Cover thinly with lemon or coffee warm icing and sprinkle with nuts.

Coffee Cream: One dessertspoon margarine or butter, 1 cup sifted icing sugar, vanilla, 1 dessertspoon coffee essence, milk.

Melt shortening. Stir in icing sugar, coffee essence, and vanilla. Add sufficient milk to make spreading consistency, beating well.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. R. Maidment, Stirling West, S.A.

CHOCOLATE APPLE-SAUCE CAKE

Quarter cup butter, ¾ cup unsweetened apple sauce, ½ cup chopped nuts, ½ cup seeded raisins, 1 cup self-raising flour, 1 tablespoon cocoa, ½ teaspoon carbonate of soda, ½ cup sugar, 1 dessertspoon cornflour, ¼ teaspoon salt, ½ teaspoon ground cloves, ½ teaspoon cinnamon, ½ teaspoon allspice.

Cream shortening and beat in apple sauce. Add chopped nuts and raisins. Sift dry ingredients together three times and add to first mixture with sugar, mixing well. Place in greased and lined loaf-tin and bake in moderate oven (375deg. F.). May be covered with lemon icing when cold.

Consolation Prize of 2/6 to Mrs. H. Oakey, Colonel Light Gardens West, S.A.

Vegetable Dinners Continued from page 53

STUFFED MARROW AU GRATIN

One young marrow, ½ cup diced cooked celery, ½ cup diced cooked carrot, ½ cup cooked peas, 1 teaspoon grated onion, 1½ cups white sauce, 1 dessertspoon chopped parsley, 3 tablespoons soft breadcrumbs, 3 tablespoons grated cheese.

Wash and dry marrow, place in large covered casserole with about ½in. water. Cover, and cook in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until marrow is barely tender. Lift out carefully, split lengthwise, remove seeds. Fold celery, carrot, peas, onion, and chopped parsley into white sauce. Cut a thin slice from the bottom of each marrow half so that it stands flat. Fill centre cavity of each portion with vegetable mixture. Top with thick layer of crumbs and cheese mixed together. Place on greased tray, bake 15 to 20 minutes in moderate oven (375deg. F.) until thoroughly re-heated and lightly browned. Serve hot.

SWEET CORN FRITTERS

One and a half cups sweet corn, 2 tablespoons diced ham (if liked) ½ cup soft white breadcrumbs, 4oz. flour, 1 dessertspoon melted shortening, pinch salt, scant ½ cup milk or liquid from corn, 1 egg-white.

Drain liquid from corn, mix corn with ham and breadcrumbs. Sift flour and salt, make a well in middle, add melted shortening. Mix flour in from sides with wooden spoon, gradually adding liquid. Beat to a smooth batter. Fold in corn mixture, and lastly stiffly beaten egg-white. Drop a dessertspoonful at a time into deep, fuming fat; fry golden brown. Drain on clean kitchen paper, serve piping hot with grilled tomatoes.



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ANN GILLMORE REES, director of the Arts and Crafts Studio at Double Bay, N.S.W., and Mrs. J. Blundell (left) examine fabric designed and printed by one of the students.



BEGINNER at the Arts and Crafts Studio makes rapid progress: Mrs. Betty Green trying a lino-cut on paper before printing fabric. Fabrics printed by students are shown in background.

Birds will bring music to the garden

● Most people like music in the home — but how many try to get it in their gardens? An easy way to do this is to build some bird houses.

— Says OUR HOME GARDENER

IF you haven't many big trees that will entice birds to make themselves at home, you can still attract feathered tenants this spring.

By glancing at the picture at the right you will see what I mean. It shows two rather picturesque bird houses mounted on tall poles erected among the irises in the border beds.

Practical bird-house building is neither a mystery nor beyond the abilities of anyone who can push a saw, hammer a nail, use a screwdriver, or cut holes with a brace and bit or auger. Most of the materials needed — fruit-cases, kerosene tins, and odd bits of timber—are usually lying about the average garden, in the garage, or toolshed.

Some of the most ornamental bird houses I have seen have been made out of such peculiar items as old coconut shells, big calabash gourds, chunks of ancient tree trunks complete with knot holes and rotted interiors, old paint tins, and other unwanted domestic "trash."

Ingenuity can do wonders with stuff like this, though, of course, materials chosen specially for the purpose are more likely to give better looking and longer lasting results.

The bark of many native trees is particularly useful for making bird houses, because it approximates the natural surroundings to which the birds are accustomed, but the use of less ornamental materials does not necessarily lead to birds ignoring the bird houses, once they find them empty and realise that they were put there specially for nesting purposes.

Sparrows, starlings, and mynahs are likely to "squat" in the ready-made houses first of all, but can be discouraged by frequent tapping or visiting during nest building.

When the birds one is likely to want to encourage, such as robins, wagtails, wrens, thrushes, and others, make their appearance and appear to be settling down, they should be left alone, and will soon take their own part against intruders.

Starlings and sparrows are bullies and will do their best to drive "decent" birds out of any houses you put up—if you permit them.

When erecting poles on which to place the houses, bear in mind the matter of suitable sites. As a general rule a bird house should be at least 8ft. to 12ft. from the ground.

It can be fastened to a rod, pole, arbor, pergola, trunk or heavy limb, or hung from a branch that is heavy enough so that it will not sway noticeably in the wind.

A fairly shaded position is better

Continued on next page



BIRD HOUSES perched on poles give added interest to this garden—and the tenants provide music the year round—if you feed as well as house them.



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MISS YSOBEL IRVINE, of Neutral Bay, N.S.W., at work on final stage of printing design of emu and native flowers on fabric.



GROUP OF STUDENTS at work, Mrs. L. Phipps, Miss Valery Humphrey, Mrs. J. Blundell, and Mrs. Betty Green, preparing and painting designs, cutting out and pressing lino-cuts to paper. After short period of tuition most students are able to create their own designs.



ABOVE: Mrs. Ann Gillmore Rees pins paper-printed design to dress worn by student Mrs. J. H. Moate. Later design will be printed on to dress.

Arts and crafts students at work

TWO years ago six students were enrolled in the color and design classes at the N.S.W. Society of Arts and Crafts studios.

To-day, under the direction of Mrs. Ann Gillmore Rees, there are 72 students attending classes at the Double Bay and North Sydney studios.

Scores of country and interstate folk are taking advantage of a comprehensive correspondence course.

Both class and correspondence course are planned to stimulate wider understanding of arts and crafts generally, and to develop latent talent by instruction in spinning and weaving, designing and printing, or embroidering of fabrics, and designing and printing book covers, Christmas and other special cards, and wrapping papers.

Day and evening classes are held at the studios at Double Bay and North Sydney. Students are taken to the Technological and Australian Museums for study, and visits to textile factories enable them to keep abreast of commercial developments.

There is also a postal guidance service for homecraft workers.

Expert opinions are given on the merits or otherwise of the piece of work, and constructive criticism made if necessary.

A library of art and craft books is available for the students' use.

Exhibitions of their work are held twice yearly at the Double Bay studios.

Pictures on this page show students designing and printing their own fabrics with lino blocks and stencil film. All have taken one or two of the studio courses in color and design.

Expert teachers with overseas experience include Miss Jessica Booth, Mrs. Margaret Oppen, and Miss Margaret Richmond.

than a fully sunny one, for most birds avoid excessively sunny positions owing to the heat during summer afternoons.

To prevent cats reaching bird houses on tree trunks or poles, nail a wide strip of zinc or galvanised iron all round about 6ft. from the ground. This prevents the claws of the cat gripping the wood after climbing—and it falls back.

WHAT TO SOW IN OCTOBER

All danger of late frosts should now be over, except in the very coldest parts of the Commonwealth—where due regard for such visitations should be made. Seed sowing and the transplanting of half hardy annuals will now be seasonable and safe.

Flower seeds that should be sown during October include alyssum, amaranthus, aster, balsam, blue lace flower, celosia, cobaea scandens, cockscomb, coleus, columbine, cosmos, dahlia, delphinium, dianthus, dimorphotheca, helichrysum, ageratum, gaillardia, gerbera, geum, globe amaranth, gypsophila, African marigold, mignonette, mina lobata, perennial pea, petunia, phlox, scabious, portulaca, salpiglossis, salvia, shasta daisy, snapdragon, summer cypress, sunflower, zinnia.

Vegetable seeds that may be sown now include French beans (dwarf and climbing), beets, sugarloaf cabbage, carrots, celery, cress, cucumber, egg plant, lettuce, herbs, marrow, mustard, parsnip, potatoes (in some districts), jam melons, pumpkin, squash, radish, rock melon, silver beet, summer spinach, N.Z. spinach, sweet corn, tomatoes, and water melon.

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JOINT PAINS
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Many people agree that but for De Witt's Pills they might still be tied to the house, racked by joint pains, almost afraid to move. But De Witt's Pills have saved them from that. They have found the blessed relief that so often comes to those who turn to this trusted family medicine.

You, too, should know that when aches and twinges in the joints are due to faulty action of sluggish kidneys, De Witt's Pills are a most effective medicine. They are specially prepared to act directly on the kidneys. De Witt's Pills help to disperse clogged-up poisons in these vital organs, which are toned up and stimulated to full activity.

So ask your chemist for a bottle of De Witt's Pills to-day and don't be content with a little relief—use them long enough in order to get the fullest possible benefit.

DeWitt's KIDNEY AND BLADDER Pills

Made specially to relieve the pain of Rheumatism, Backache, Joint Pains, Sciatica and Lumbago. Prices 3/- and 5/9.

Safe, Soothing for BURNS and SCALDS



To make sure you get scientifically refined, chemically purified petroleum jelly of the highest quality, insist on the genuine VASELINE Petroleum Jelly. It's SAFE because it's PURE.

HOOVER

THE WORLD'S BEST CLEANER
IS AVAILABLE AGAIN

Here's good news for every woman—supplies of the famous Hoover have arrived! Instantly adaptable for cleaning from floor to ceiling, planned to save you time, strain and fatigue—your new Hoover is available at pre-war prices (plus sales tax). Arrange for an immediate demonstration.



MADE IN ENGLAND
Sole Australian Agents:
JOHN S. DRYSDALE PTY. LTD.
165 Clarence Street, Sydney
(near King St.) 'Phone BW 4617 or BW 5197

IT BEATS...AS IT SWEEPS...AS IT CLEANS

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Farewell to Fuzz

Keep cool . . . keep cool . . .

Have you ever wondered why some of your lightest frocks sometimes feel terribly sticky and hot in the Summer time?

If you look at those frocks you'll see that washing has brought up a fuzz on their surface that makes them tickly and hot in humid weather.

But it's farewell to fuzz when you wear Super Merriespun. This is the superior de-lustered rayon from England that is smooth to the touch when you buy it. It keeps on feeling cool and smooth against your skin.

No matter how often you launder your Super Merriespun frock it will never, never fuzz.

in Ready-to-Wear Frocks or by the yard

Hoyle's EST. 1782

Super Merriespun REG.

GUARANTEED FAST • GUARANTEED CREASE-RESISTING • GUARANTEED WASHABLE

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Fashion PATTERNS



F4859. — One-piece maternity dress, cool and practical for summer days. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material and ½yd. contrast. Pattern, 1/10.

F4860.—The new curved shoulder-line for a slim one-piece frock. The skirt flares below the hip-line. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4861.—Three-piece lingerie set comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3½yds. 36in. material and ¾yd. of 36in. lace for nightgown; 2¼yds. 36in. material and ¼yd. 36in. lace for slip; 1yd. 36in. material and ⅜yd. 36in. lace for scanties. Pattern, 2/11.

F4862.—Moulded bodice and important hip drapery are featured in a smart one-piece dress. In sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 4yds. 36in. material. Pattern, 1/10.

F4863.—Two-piece swimsuit and matching beach coat. Comes in sizes 32 to 38in. bust. Requires 3yds. 36in. material for coat and 2¼yds. 36in. material for swimsuit. Pattern, 2/8.

** PLEASE NOTE! To ensure prompt despatch of orders by post you should: * Write your NAME, ADDRESS, and STATE in BLOCK LETTERS. * Be sure to include necessary stamps, postal notes, AND COUPONS. * State size required. * For children's patterns state age. * Use box numbers given on page 41. * C.O.D. orders are not accepted.*

★ The Dressmaker SAID "Yes madam-it-er-suits you perfectly..."



★ But she MEANT "Even a French Model couldn't make you glamorous with that blotchy skin!"

"Showing shoulders" is high fashion. Make sure yours are free from spots and blotches by using

REXONA MEDICATED SOAP

Don't be a half-way beauty . . . the type who cares for her face, and ignores shoulders and back. You can be lovely all-over so easily by the regular use of Rexona Soap. Rexona is specially medicated with Cadyl to clear away the impurities that cause pimples and blackheads . . . dull and lifeless skin. It tones up the pores — makes *all* of you romantic.



* REXONA SOAP CONTAINS CADYL, an exclusive Rexona compound comprising Oils of Cade, Cassia, Cloves, Terebinth, and Bornyl Acetate — all recognised valuable skin medicaments.

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4 QUICK, EASY WAY.. to prepare appetising meals

In sizzling hot or firm, cool slices, Swift Luncheon Beef gives an edge to appetite . . . Delicious with bacon, ham, eggs or salad.



Swift products are ALWAYS good

I'm all glowing and warm, with GLO-RUB



Even the most obstinate cold will respond to a HEARNE'S GLO-RUB treatment. It is very simple. Just put a little GLO-RUB in the nostrils and use GLO-RUB liberally to rub the chest and throat. Its soothing and penetrating vapour opens up the nasal passages for easy breathing, releases secretions and soothes swollen and irritated membranes. It penetrates in through the pores of the chest and throat to do a power of good with its pleasant and comforting warmth.

"BREATHE IT IN—AND BREATHE OUT YOUR COLD"

W. G. HEARNE & COMPANY LTD., GEELONG, VIC

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Jantzen
sunclothes

. . . step from glamor into glamor

Don't leave all those glamor lines behind when you step out of your Jantzen. Step straight into glamor all over again when you change into your Jantzen shorts and shirt . . . Jantzen's man-tailored shorts keep their line — and give you a line where a lady needs it most . . . and there are perfect fitting Jantzen shirts to team up with the shorts.

Obtainable only from Retail Stores

★ *Shorts and shirts are man-tailored of imported Irish "Moygashel."*

★ *Shorts feature side zipper placket and inset pocket at waist band.*

★ *Adjustable self-fabric belt.*

★ *Exclusive Jantzen Diving Girl Buckle.*

★ *Shirt has side zipper placket and shoulder padding to retain straight line.*

★ *Variety of rich sun-fast colors.*



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